

Looke About You (1600)

Edited by Stephen Basdeo

A PLEASANT COMMODIE, CALLED Looke about you.

As it was lately played by the right honoura-
ble the Lord High Admirall his seruants



L O N D O N,
Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be
solde at his shop at the signe of the Crowne
neere Guild-hall gate.
1 6 0 0.

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Introduction

Looke about You, first performed between c.1597–99,¹ by the Admiral's Men, is a comic history play set during the reign of King Henry II and structured around dynastic conflict, political persecution, and theatrical misrecognition.

The play's central action takes place not in Barnsdale or Sherwood Forest, as had been the setting for all of the early Robin Hood texts, but at the royal court in London. The plot concerns the struggle between the old king and the faction gathered around the younger King Henry, Prince John, and Queen Elinor. Robert, Earl of Gloucester, emerges as the play's principal loyalist: his fidelity to Henry II places him in direct opposition to the rebellious court party, who seek his destruction. The immediate catalyst for his downfall is the poisoning of Rosamond by the counterfeit hermit Skinke, acting under Elinor's influence. When Skinke is rewarded and Gloucester's lands are effectively transferred to him, Gloucester's violent response gives his enemies the pretext they need to imprison and condemn him.

From this point, the play develops through a series of disguises, escapes, and mistaken identities that blur the boundaries between comic intrigue and political crisis. Skinke functions as the chief agent of instability, repeatedly changing costume and persona in order to deceive other characters, while Gloucester himself survives by adopting disguises and manipulating appearances. The title, *Looke about You*, aptly captures the play's atmosphere of suspicion: it repeatedly warns that outward appearances are unreliable, and that failure to judge persons and situations correctly has both comic and dangerous consequences. What might otherwise become a tragic narrative of aristocratic destruction is therefore persistently deflected into theatrical play, as deception becomes both a weapon of villainy and a means of survival.

Running alongside the political plot is a secondary action centred on Marian Faukenbridge, Prince Richard, Sir Richard Faukenbridge, and Robert Hood, Earl of Huntington. This strand explores chastity, desire, and marital suspicion. Prince Richard attempts to seduce Marian, but she steadfastly resists him, while her husband's jealousy renders him vulnerable to manipulation and ridicule. Robert Hood operates as an intermediary and helper within this intrigue, linking the play's comic movement to its broader moral structure. Marian's fidelity provides an ethical counterweight to the disorder elsewhere in the play: where the court is marked by rebellion, disguise, and opportunism, Marian represents female virtue under pressure, successfully resisting both aristocratic lust and domestic mistrust.

The play's conclusion resolves these entangled plots through repentance and reconciliation rather than through exemplary punishment. At the moment when Gloucester appears to face mutilation and death, the younger King Henry unexpectedly relents, rejects the destructive counsels of his faction, and is reconciled with his father. Gloucester is restored, the rebellious energies of the court are checked, and the movement toward tragedy is replaced by one of political and familial repair. In this sense, *Looke about You* is best understood as a hybrid dramatic form: a history play animated by farcical disguise and comic intrigue, yet ultimately concerned with loyalty, legitimacy, and the restoration of social and dynastic order.

The author of the play remains unknown. Various candidates have been put forward including Anthony Munday, Antony Wadson, Henry Chettle,² and Thomas Dekker.³ Of these, one of the most plausible candidates is Henry Chettle, whose authorship was first argued for in the early twentieth century due to the play's similarities with Munday's other "disguises"

¹ 'Catalogue Entry: Look About You (1600)', *Folger Shakespeare Library*, n.d. <<https://emed.folger.edu/lay>> [accessed 11 March 2026]

² See Fred L. Jones, "Look about You and the Disguises," *PMLA* 44 no. 3 (1929), 835–41.

³ Stephen Knight, *Robin Hood: A Complete Study of the English Outlaw* (Cambridge: Brewer, 1992), 131.

plays.⁴ Wadeson, too, is an equally plausible candidate. *Looke About You* carries a statement on its title page that it was “lately played by the right honourable the Lord High Admirall his servants.” The Admiral’s Company had, in 1600 when the play was printed, occupied the Henslowe playhouse. While there is no extant record confirming the play’s performance there, the manager did, in 1601, pay Wadeson for the production of play titled “The Honourable Life of the Humorous Earl of Gloucester and his Conquest of Portugal.”⁵ In *Looke About You*, Gloucester is a character who, at the end, declares that he will go to Portugal to fight in the Reconquista. Finally, the play may even have been produced by the Admiral Men’s team of writers to capitalise on the popularity of Robin Hood on the stage in the 1590s.⁶

The play has thus far been endowed with three critical editions and first entered Robin Hood scholarship in the eighteenth century. Joseph Ritson, editor of *Robin Hood: A Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads* (1795), although he did not offer a critical commentary on the actual play, used it as evidence to prove his claim that Robin Hood was “frequently stiled, and commonly reputed to have been, Earl of Huntingdon”:

In *A pleasant commodie called Looke about you*, printed in 1600, our hero is introduced, and performs a principal part. He is represented as the young Earl of Huntington, and in ward to Prince Richard, though his brother Henry, the young king, complains of his having “had wrong about his wardship.” He is described as “A gallant youth, a proper gentleman;” and is sometimes called “pretty earle” and “little wag.” One of the characters thus addresses him:

“*Fau.* But welcome, welcome, and young Huntington,
Sweet Robyn Hude, honor’s best flowing bloome,”

and calls him

“———an honourable youth,
Vertuous and modest, Huntington’s right heyre.”

It is also said that

“His father Gilbert was the smoothst fac’t lord
That ere bare armes in England or in Fraunce.”

In one scene, “Enter Richard and Robert with coronets.”

“*Rich.* Richard the Prince of England, with his ward,
The noble Robert Hood, earle Huntington,
Present their service to your majestie.”⁷

The Victorian editors of the Robin Hood ballads, John Mathew Gutch and Francis James Child, however, simply ignored the play. Such was the fate of the play, in Robin Hood scholarship,

⁴ Jones, op. cit.

⁵ W.W. Greg, introduction to *Look About You* (1600), ed. W.W. Greg, The Malone Society Reprints (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1913), v.

⁶ Knight, *Robin Hood: A Complete Study*, 133.

⁷ Joseph Ritson, *Robin Hood: A Collection of All the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads*, vol. I (London: T. Egerton and J. Johnson, 1795), xx.

into the mid-to-late twentieth century, despite one or two obscure articles written by early modern literature specialists in the 1920s.

The late twentieth-century editors of the Robin Hood ballads, R.B. Dobson and J. Taylor, simply remarked that the play “owed an obvious debt to the recently [in 1598] completed pair of plays written by Anthony Munday.”⁸ The majority of critics, even those whose principle scholarly interests lay outside the Robin Hood tradition, where they have dwelt at length upon Robin Hood dramatic works, have privileged two plays from Munday referred to previously: *The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon* and *The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon* (1597–98).⁹ In fact, the first extended treatment of the play in Robin Hood scholarship came in Stephen Knight’s *Robin Hood: A Complete Study of the English Outlaw* (1992) and *Robin Hood: A Mythic Biography* (2003).¹⁰

Yet *Looke About You* is a play which remains in Munday’s shadow. Part of the reason for this is perhaps that the hero, Robin Hood, does not perform the part of an outlaw in this play but is simply a servant in Prince Richard’s retinue. The play contains not a hint of any “anti-authoritarian edge.”¹¹ Another reason for the play’s lack of is probably due to the paucity of editions available, of which, in 2025, only three had been published. To add to this, although some scholars have proposed several candidates as author, no one person’s name can be definitively attached to the play.

This edition is based on the 1600 quarto of *Looke About You* that is held in the Huntington Library and cross-referenced with subsequent editions, principally that published by the Malone Society in 1913.¹² This task, however, was made significantly easier than would be the case with other early modern texts because only a single minor variation was found by W.W. Greg in his Malone edition.

Since the quartos did not contain certain features now expected by readers, a *dramatis personae* has been supplied. Act and scene divisions, however, have not been imposed editorially. Elsewhere, editorial intervention has been kept to a minimum. Spelling, punctuation, and layout have been regularised where necessary in the interests of clarity and readability, but without altering the substance or dramatic movement of the text. Where the quarto inconsistently marks the ends of speeches, placing commas after some and full stops after others, these have been silently standardised to full stops throughout. The edition therefore aims to remain faithful to the original printed text while presenting the play in a form accessible to modern readers and students.

⁸ R.B. Dobson and J. Taylor, introduction to *Rymes of Robyn Hood: An Introduction to the English Outlaw*, 3d ed. (Stroud: Sutton Publishing, 1997), 44.

⁹ E.K. Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage*, vol. IV (Oxford University Press, 1923), 28.

¹⁰ Knight, *Robin Hood: A Complete Study*, 131–33; Stephen Knight, *Robin Hood: A Mythic Biography* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 2003), 62, 89, 97, 128.

¹¹ Knight, *Robin Hood: A Complete Study*, 133.

¹² Greg, introduction to *Look About You* (1600), vi.

Bibliographical Information

Editions of the play's quarto can be found in libraries and archives across Great Britain and the United States:

<i>A pleasant commodie, called Looke about you. As it was lately played by the right honourable the Lord High Admirall his seruaunts</i>	British Library, London (main catalogue)
London: Printed [by Edward Allde], 1600. STC16799; ESTC S109639	National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh (Bute.330)
	Bodleian Library, Oxford (Vet. A1 e.96)
	Bodleian Library, Oxford (Facs. d.48)
	Bodleian Library, Oxford Mal. 229 (5)
	Victoria and Albert Museum National Art Library, London, SC/SS Special Collections (Dyce 26 Box 26/4)
	Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington (cs0361)
	Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, San Marino (62409)
	Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA (MS Eng 1483)

Scholarly and Critical Editions

- Ash, Cassandra Kay. "Look About You: A critical edition." Ph.D. diss., University of Birmingham, 2015.¹³
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¹³ This edition is unfortunately restricted to Birmingham University Library's Repository staff until 17 December 2044.

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Dramatis Personae

The original quarto did not feature a list of characters but to aid modern readers one is provided below.

The Royal Household

King Henry II	The ageing king of England, politically weakened by conflict within his own family, yet still a moral point of reference within the play's dynastic struggle.
Henry, the Young King	Henry II's son, crowned during his father's lifetime; volatile and politically manipulated, he becomes one of Gloucester's principal persecutors before ultimately repenting.
Queen Elinor	Henry II's wife and a force within the rebellious court faction; associated with intrigue and hostility toward Gloucester.
Prince Richard	Son of Henry II; initially involved in the court's disorderly erotic politics through his pursuit of Marian Faukenbridge, yet more honourable than his brothers and increasingly aligned with Gloucester.
Prince John	Richard's brother; petulant, vindictive, and comic in his rage, he is one of Gloucester's most active enemies.

The Nobility

Robert, Earl of Gloucester	The play's central loyalist, faithful to Henry II and persecuted by the younger court faction; his imprisonment, escape, disguises, and eventual restoration drive the main political action. Marian Faukenbridge's brother.
Earl Leicester	An ally of the rebellious faction and one of Gloucester's political adversaries at court.
Earl Lancaster	An older nobleman associated with the royal party; he participates in the search for Gloucester and is caught up in the confusions of the Blackheath episodes.
Morton	Prince John's kinsman, mentioned in the prison scenes; a minor court figure.
Robert Hood, Earl of Huntingdon	A young nobleman identified with Robin Hood; Prince Richard's ward and servant, and an important intermediary in both the political and erotic plots. He aids Marian and Gloucester and contributes much of the play's comic agility.

Sir Richard Faukenbridge	Husband of Marian Faukenbridge; comic, jealous, and repeatedly gullible, though not wholly malicious.
Lady Marian Faukenbridge	Gloucester's sister and Sir Richard's wife; a figure of constancy and chastity, pursued by Prince Richard but resistant to both seduction and suspicion.

Commoners

Skinke	A trickster and counterfeit hermit; the play's chief agent of deception, disguise, and mobility. He is associated with the poisoning of Rosamond and repeatedly shifts identity in order to manipulate others.
Block	Servant to the Faukenbridge household; a comic domestic figure.
Redcap	The porter's son, a clownish messenger associated with stammering speech, misdelivery, and comic misrecognition.
The Porter of the Fleet	A prison official whose involvement in Gloucester's escape entangles him in the play's comic and political confusions. Father of Redcap.
A Servant to Robert Hood	He appears in the opening scene and helps establish Hood's aristocratic status.
Pursuivant, Officers, Huntsmen, Servants	Minor functional roles who support the play's movements between court, prison, and Blackheath.

A Pleasant Commodie, called Looke about you

As it was lately played by the right honourable the Lord High Admirall his seruants

LONDON, Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be solde at his shop at the signe of the
Crowne neere Guild-hall gate. 1600.

A pleasaunt Commodity called Looke about you.

*Enter Robert Hood a young Noble-man, a seruant with him, with ryding wandes in theyr handes, as if they had beene new lighted.*¹⁴

Robert. Goe, walke the horses, wayte me on the hill,
This is the Hermits Cell, goe out of sight:
My busines with him must not be reueal'd,
To any mortall creature but himselfe.

Seru. Ile waite your honour in the crosse high-way.

5

Exit.

Rob. Doe so: Hermit deuout and reuerend,
If drousie¹⁵ age keepe not thy stiffened ioyntes,¹⁶
On thy vnrestfull bed, or if the houres
Of holy Orizons detayne thee not,
Come foorth.

10

Enter Skinke like an Hermit.

Skin. Good morrow son, good morrow, & God blesse thee Huntington,
A brighter Gleame of true Nobility
Shines not in any youth more then in thee.
Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed,
Thou shalt win foes by feare, and friend, by meede.

15

Rob. Father, I come not now to know my fate,
Important busines vrgeth Princely *Richard*,

Deliuier letters.

In these termes to salute thy reuerent age.
Read and be briefe, I know some cause of trust,
Made him imploy me for his messenger.

20

¹⁴ “new lighted”: newly, or recently alighted (from their horses).

¹⁵ “drousie”: drowsy.

¹⁶ “ioyntes”: joints.

Skin. A cause of trust indeed true honoured youth,
Princes had need in matters of import,
To make nice choyse faire Earle, if I not erre,
Thou art the Princes ward.

Ro. Father I am his ward, his Chamberlaine & bed-fellow. 25

Skin. Faire fall thee honourable *Robert Hood*,
Wend to Prince *Richard*, say though I am loath,
To vse my skill in Coniuration:
Yet *Skinke* that poysoned red cheekt *Rosamond*,
Shall make appearaunce at the Parlament,
He shall be there by noone assure his Grace. 30

Rob. Good morrow Father, see you faile him not,
For though the villaine did a horrible deed,
Yet hath the young King *Richard*, and Earle *Iohn*,
Sworne to defend him from his greatest foes. 35

Skin. Gods benizon be with thee noble Earle.

Rob. A dew good father, holla there, my horse?

Exit.

Skin. Vp, spur the kicking Iade, while I make speede
To Consure¹⁷ *Skinke* out of his Hermits weede;
Lye there religion keep thy M. graue,
And on the faire trust of these Princes word 40
To Court againe *Skinke*: but before I goe,
Let mischiefe take aduise of villany,
Why to the Hermit letters should be sent,
To poast *Skinke* to the Court incontinent:
Is there no tricke in this? ha let me see? 45
Or doe they know already I am he?
If they doe so, faith westward then with *Skinke*:
But what an asse am I to be thus fond,
Heere lyes the Hermit whom I dying found
Some two monthes since, when I was howerly¹⁸ charg'd 50
With *Hugh* the Cryer and with Constables,
I saw him in the ready way to heauen,
I helpt him forward, t'was a holy deed;
And there he lyes some sixe foote in the ground,
Since when, and since, I kept me in his weedes. 55
O what a world of fooles haue fill'd my Cell;
For Fortunes, run-awaies, stolne goods; lost cattle,

¹⁷ "Consure": conjure.

¹⁸ "howerly": hourly.

Among the number, all the faction
 That take the young Kings part against the olde;
 Come to my selfe to harken for my selfe,
 So did the aduerse party make enquire,
 But eyther fall full of contrary desire:
 The olde Kings part would kill me being stain'd,
 The young Kings keep me from their violence.
 So then thou needst not feare, goe boldly on,
 Braue *Hall*, Prince *Dicke*, and my spruce hot spur *John*,
 Heer's their safe conduct: O but for *Rosamond*!
 A fig for *Rosamond*, to this hope Ile leane:
 At a Queenes bidding I did kill a queane.

60

65

70

*Sound Trumpets, enter with a Harrald¹⁹ on the one side, Henry the second
 Crowned, after him Lancaster, Chester, Sir Richard Faukenbridge: on the
 other part, K. Henry the Sonne crowned, Herrald after him: after him
 Prince Rich. Iohn, Leyster, being set, enters santasticall Robert of Gloster in a
 gowne girt: walkes vp and downe.*

Old. K. Why doth not *Gloster* take his honoured seate?

Glo. In faith my Liege *Gloster* is in a land
 Where neyther suerty is to sit or stand.
 I onely doe appeare as I am summoned,
 And will awaite without till I am call'd.

75

Yon. K. Why heare you *Gloster*?

Glo. *Henry* I doe heare you.

Yon. K. And why not King?

Glo. What's he that sits so neere you?

Rich. King too.

80

Glo. Two Kings? ha ha.

Ol. K. *Gloster* sit we charge thee.

Glo. I will obey your charge, I will sit downe,
 But in this house, on no seate but the ground.

Iohn. The seat's too good.

85

Glo. I know it brother *Iohn*.

¹⁹ Herald

Jo. Thy brother?

Ol. K. Silence there.

Yon. K. Passe to the billes Sir *Richard Faukenbridge*.

Fau. My Lieges both, olde *Faukenbridge* is proude 90
Of your right honour'd charge. He that worst may
Will straine his olde eyes, God send peace this day.
A bill for the releasement of the Queene prefer'd,
By *Henry* the young King, *Rich.* the Prince, *John* Earle
Of Murton, *Bohmine* Earle of Leister and the cōmons: 95

Old K. Did you preferre this byll?

All. We did.

Chest. La. Yee did not well.

Glo. Why this is good, now shall we haue the hell.
3. *Bro Chester* and *Lanchaster* you wrong the King. 100

Chest. La. Our King we doe not.

Yon. K. Doe not you seeme crown'd?

Lanc. But whilst he liues we to none else are bound.

Ley. Is it not wrong thinke you, when all the world 105
Troubled with rumour of a captiue Queene,
Imprisoned by her husband in a Realme,
Where her owne sonne doth weare a Diademe?
Is like an head of people mutinous.
Still murmuring at the shame done her and vs?
Is't not more wrong when her mother zeale 110
Sounded through Europe. Affricke, Assia,
Tels in the hollow of newes thirsting eares,
Queene *Elinor* liues in a dungion,
For pittie and affection to her sonne:
But when the true cause, Cliffords daughters death 115
Shall be exposed to stranger nations:
What vollumes will be writ. what lybels spred?
And in each lyne our state dishonoured.

Fauk. My Lord speakes to the purpose, mary²⁰ it may bee so,
Pray God it prooue not so. 120

²⁰ "mary": here, "indeed" or "for sure."

Ley. Heare me conclude, and there withall conclude,
 It is an heynous and vnheard of sinne:
 Queene *Elinor* daughter to Kingly Fraunce,
 King *Henries* wife and royall *Henries* mother, 125
 Is kept close prisoner for an acte of Iustice,
 Committed on an odious Concubine.

Kin. Thou wrongst her *Leister*.

Ley. Leachers euer praise the cause of their confusion, she was vile.

Fauk. She was ill spoken of it's true, true.

Glosr. Yonder sits one would doe as much for you 130
 Olde foole, young *Richard* hath a gift I know it,
 And on your wife my sister would bestow it.
 Heer's a good world men hate adulterous sin,
 Count it a gulfe, and yet they needs will in.

Lei. What answer for the Queene? 135

Lan. The King replyes your words are foule slaunderous forgeryes.

John. His highnes sayes not so.

Lan. His highnes doth,
 Tels you its a shame for such wilde youth,
 To smother any impiety, 140
 With shew to chastice loose adulterie.
 Say *Rosamond* was *Henries* Concubine,
 Had neuer King a Concubine but he?
 Did *Rosamond* begin the fires in Fraunce?
 Made she the Northerne borders reeke with flames? 145
 Vnpeopled she the townes of Picardy?
 Left she the wiues of England husbandles?
 O no: she sinn'd I graunt, so doe we all,
 She fell her selfe, desiring none should fall;
 But *Elinor* whom you so much commend, 150
 Hath been the bellowes of seditious fire,
 Eyther through lealious rage or mad desire;
 Ist not a shame to thinke that she hath arm'd
 Foure Sonnes right hands, against their fathers head,
 And not the children of a low-priz'd wretch, 155
 But one whom God on earth hath deified?
 See where he sits with sorrow in his eyes,
 Three of his Sonnes and hers tutor'd by her,
 Smiles whilst he weeps, and with a proude disdain,
 Imbrace blith mirth, while his sad heart complaine. 160

Fau. Ha laugh they? nay by the rood²¹ that is not wel,
Now fie young Princes fie.

Hen. Peace doting foole.

Iohn. Be silent asse.

165

Fau. With all my heart my Lords, my humble leaue my Lords
Gods mother asse and foole for speaking truth,
Tis terrible, but fare yee well my Lords.

Rich. Nay stay good *Faukenbridge*, impute it rage,
That thus abuses your right reuerend age,
My brothers are too hot. 170

Fau. Too hot indeed, foole, asse, for speaking truth? it's more than need.

Rich. Nay good Sir *Richard* at my kinde intreate
For all the loue I beare your noble house,
Let not your absence kindle further wrath,
Each side's at counsell now sit downe I pray,
Ile quite it with the kindest loue I may. 175

Glo. I to his wife.

Fau. Prince *Richard* Ile sit downe,
But by the faith I owe fayre Englands Crowne,
Had you not been I would haue left the place,
My seruice merits not so much disgrace. 180

Ric. Good *Faukenbridge* I thanke thee.

Go to their places.

Glo. And you'l thinke of him, if you can step into his bower at Stepney.

Fau. Prince *Richard*'s very kinde, I know his kindenes,
He loues me, but he loues my Lady better,
No more, Ile watch him, Ile preuent his game,
Young Lad, it's ill to halt before the lame. 185

*They breake asunder. Papers this while being offred and subscribed betweene
eyther.*

Hen. Ile not subscribe to this indignity,
Ile not be call'd a King but be a King;
Allow me halfe the Realme, giue me the North, 190

²¹ Cross

The Prouinces that lye beyond the Seas,
Wales and the Isles that compasse in the mayne.

Glo. Nay giue him all and he will scant be pleas'd.

Rich. Brother you aske too much. 195

Iohn. To much, too little, hee shall haue that and more, I sweare he shall.
I will haue Nottingham and Salisbury,
Stafford and Darby, and some other Earledome,
Or by S. *Iohn* (whose blessed name I beare) 200
Ile make these places like a wildernes.
Ist not a plague, an horrible abuse,
A King, a King of England should be Father
To foure such proper youths, as *Hall*, and *Dicke*,
My brother *Geffrey* and my proper selfe, 205
And yet not giue his sonnes such maintenaunce,
As he consumes among his minions.

Rich. Be more respectiue *Iohn*.

Io. Respectiue *Richard*, are you turn'd pure? a changing wether-cocke?
I say it's reason *Henry* should be King,
Thou Prince, I Duke, as *Ieffry* is a Duke. 210

Lan. What shall your Father doe?

Jo. Liue at his prayers, haue a sufficient pention²² by the yere,
Repent his sinnes because his end is neere.

Glo. A gracious sonne, a very gracious sonne. 215

Kin. Will this content you? I that haue sat still,
Amaz'd to see my sonnes deuoyde of shame;
To heare my subiects with rebellious tongues,
Wound the kinde bosome of their Soueraigne,
Can no more beare, but from a bleeding hart 220
Deliuer all my loue, for all your hate:
Will this content thee cruell *Elinor*?
Your sauage mother, my vnciuill Queene;
The Tygresse that hath drunke the purple bloud,
Of three times twenty thousand valiant men; 225
Washing her red chaps, in the weeping teares,
Of widdows, virgins, nurses, sucking babes.
And lastly sorted with her damn'd consorts,
Entred alaborinth to murther loue.
Will this content you? she shall be releast,
That she may next seaze me she most enuyes. 230

²² Pension

Hen. Our mothers liberty is some content.

Kin. What else would *Henry* haue?

Hen. The Kingdome.

Kin. Peruse this byll, draw neere let vs conferre.

235

Joh. *Hall* be not answered but with Soueraignty,
For glorious is the sway of Maiesty.

Kin. What would content you *John*?

Joh. Fiue Earledomes Sir.

Kin. What you sonne *Richard*?

Ric. Pardon gracious father, & th'furtheraunce for my vow of penance
For I haue sworne to God and all his Saints,
These armes erected in rebellious brawles,
Against my Father and my Soueraigne,
Shall fight the battles of the Lord of hoasts,
In wrong'd Iudea and Palestina,
That shall be Richards pennance for his pride,
His bloud a satisfaction for his sinne,
His patrimony men, munition,
And meanes to waft them into Siria.

240

245

Kin. Thou shalt haue thy desire Heroyicke Sonne,
As soone as other home-bred brawles are done.

250

Lan. Why weepes olde Faukenbridge?

Fau. I am almost blind, to heare sons cruell, and the fathers kinde,
Now well a neere that ere I liu'd to see,
Such patience and so much impiety.

255

Glo. Brother content thee this is but the first,
Worse is a brewing, and yet not the worst.

Ley. You shall not stand to this.

Hen. And why my Lord?

Ley. The lands of Moorton doth belong to Iohn.

260

Hen. What's that to me, by Acte of Parlament,
If they be mine confirm'd, he must be pleas'd.

Ioh. Be pleas'd King puppet? haue I stood for thee,
 Euen in the mouth of death? open'd my armes
 To sercle in seditious vgly shape? 265
 Shooke hands with duety, bad adew to vertue,
 Prophan'd all Maiesty in heauen and earth;
 Writ in blacke Carracters on my white brow,
 The name of rebell Iohn against his Father:
 For thee, for thee, thou Otimie of honour, 270
 Thou worme of Maiesty thou froth, thou puble.
 And must I now be pleas'd in pease to stand,
 While statutes make thee owner of my land?

Glo. Good pastime good, now will the theeues fall out?

Joh O if I doe, let me be neuer held 275
 Royall King Henryes sonne pardon me father,
 Pull downe this rebell that hath done thee wrong.
 Dicke, come and leaue his side, assayle him Lords,
 Let's haue no parly but with billes and swoordes.

Ki. Peace Iohn, lay downe thy armes, heare Henry speake, 280
 He mindes thee no such wrong.

Io. He were not best.

Hen. Why hayre-brain'd brother can yee brooke no iest?²³
 I doe confirme you Earle of Nottingham.

Io. And Moorton too? 285

Hen. I and Moorton too.

Io. Why so, now once more Ile sit downe by you.

Glo. Blow winde, the youngest of King Henries stocke,
 Would fitly serue to make a weather-cocke.

Io. Gape earth, challenge thine owne as Gloster lyes, 290
 Pitty such mucke is couer'd with the skies.

Fau. Be quiet good my Lords, the Kings commaund
 You should be quiet, and tis very meere,
 It's most conuenient, how say you Prince Richard?

Rich. It is indeed. 295

Fa. Why that is wisely said, you are a very kinde indifferent man,
 Mary a God and by my hollidame,

²³ "can yee brooke no iest?": "can't you take a joke?"

Were not I had a feeling in my head,
Of some suspition twixt my wife and him,
I should affect him more then all the world. 300

Glo. Take heede olde Richard, keep thee there mad lad,
My Sister's faire, and beauty may turne bad.

Enter Robert Hood a paper in his hand.

Officer. Roome there, make roome for young Huntington.

Fau. A gallant youth, a proper Gentleman.

Hen. Richard I haue had wrong about his wardship. 305

Ric. You cannot right your selfe.

Jo. He can and shall.

Ric. Not with your help but honourable youth
Haue yee perform'd the busines I enioyn'd?

Rob. I haue, and Skinke is come, heere is his bill, 310

Hen. No matter for his bill let him come in.

Kin. Let him not enter, his infectious breath
Will poyson the assembly.

Gl. Neuer doubt, ther's more infectious breaths about your Throne,
Leyster is there, your enuious Sonnes is there;
If them you can endure, no poyson feare. 315

Kin. Content thee Gloster.

Glo. I must be content, when you that should mend all are patient.

[Enter Skinke]²⁴

Hen. Welcome good Skinke thou iustly dost complaine,
Thou standst in dread of death for Rosamond,
Whom thou didst poyson at our dread commaund,
And the appointment of our gracious Mother;
See heere my Fathers hand vnto thy pardon. 320

Skin. I receiue it graciously, wishing his soule sweet peace, in heauen for so
meritorious a worke, for I feare me I haue not his heart though his hand. 325

²⁴ By the context it is clear that Skinke enters here.

Kin. Be sure thou hast not, murderous bloud-sucker,
To iealious enuy executioner.

Hen. Besides thou suest to haue some maintenaunce,
We haue bethought vs how wee will reward thee, 330
Thou shalt haue Rowden Lordship.

Glost. Shal he so? will you reward your murtherers with my lands

Hen. Your lands? it is our gift and he shall haue it.

Glo. Ile giue him seasure first with this and this.

Strike him.

John. Lay holde on *Gloster*. 335

Kin. Holde that murtherous *Skinke*.

Glo. Villaines hands off, I am a Prince, a Peere,
And I haue borne disgrace while I can beare.

Fau. Knaues leaue your rudenes, how now brother
Gloster? nay be appeas'd, be patient brother. 340

Rich. Shift for thy selfe good *Skinke*, ther's golde, away:
Heere will be parts.

Skin. Swonds Ile make one and stay.

Joh. I prethee be gone since thus it faileth out,
Take water, hence, away, thy life I doubt. 345

Ski. Well, farewell, get I once out of doore,
Skinke neuer will put trust in warrants more.

Exit.

Kin. Will *Gloster* not be bridled?

Glo. Yes my Liege and saddled too, and ryd, and spur'd, & rayn'd,
Such misery (in your Raigne) falles your friends, 350
Let goe my armes, you dunghyls let me speake.

Kin. Wher's that knaue *Skinke*? I charge you see him stayd.

Fauk. The swift heel'd knaue is fled, body a me heer's rule,
Heer's worke indeed.

355

Kin. Follow that *Skinke*, let priuy search be made,
Let not one passe except he be well knowne,
Let poastes be euery way sent speedily,
For ten miles compasse round about the Citty.

Hen. Take *Gloster to you* Liefetenant of the Tower, 360
Keep him aside till we conferre a while,
Father you must subscribe to his committing.

Lan. Why must he *Henry*?

Ley. Mary for this cause, he hath broke peace and violated lawes.

Glo. So haue you all done, rebels as you be.

Fau. Good words good brother, heare me gracious Lords, 365

Hen. I prethee *Faukenbridge* be patient,
Gloster must of force answere this contempt.

Kin. I will not yeeld he shall vnto the Tower,
Warden of th'*Fleete* take you the charge of *Gloster*.

Hen. Why be it so, yet stay with him a while, 370
Till we take order for the company
That shall attend him, and resort to him.

Glo. Warden of the *Fleete* I see I am your charge,
Be friend me thus, least by theyr commaund,
I be preuented of what I intend. 375

Keep. Commaund me any seruice in my power.

Glo. I pray you call some nimble footed fellow,
To doe a message for me to my sister.

Keep. Call in *Redcap*, he waiteth with a Tipstaffe,

Exit one for him.

He stammers, but he's swift and trusly Sir. 380

Enter Redcap.

Glo. No matter for his stammering, is this he?

Red. I Iam am Re Redcap s s sir.

Glo. Run Redcap to Stepney.

Red. Ile be at Stepney p p presently.

Glo. Nay stay, goe to the Lady *Faukenbridge* my sister. 385

Red. The La La Lady *Fau Fau Faukenbreech*, I r r run sir.

Glo. But take thy errand, tell her I am prisoner,
Committed to the Fleete.

Red. I am g g glad of th th that, my fa fa father the p p porter sha shall ge ge
get a f f fee by you.

Still runnes. 390

Glo. Stand still a while, desire her to make meanes
Vnto Prince Richard for my liberty,
At thy returne (make speed) I will reward thee.

Red. I am g g gone si sir.

Rich. Commend me to her gentle Huntington, 395
Tell her in these affayres Ile stand her friend,
Her brother shall not long be prisoner:
Say I will visit her immediatlie.
Be gone sweete boy to Marian Faukenbridge,
Thou lookest like loue perswade her to be louing.

400

Ro. So farre as honour will I will perswade,
Ile lay loues battery to her modest eares,
Second my milde assault, you may chaunce win,
Fare parley at the least, may hap passe in.

Exit. 405

Hen. Heere take your charge, let no man speake with him,
Except our selfe, our brethren, or Earle Leicester.

Fau. Not I my Lord, may not I speake with him?

Hen. Yes Faukenbridge thou shalt.

Jo. And why? he is his wiues brother.

Fau. Earle Iohn, although I be, I am true vnto the State, & so is he. 410

Glo. What, shal I haue no seruant of my owne?

Hen. No but the housholde seruants of the Fleete.

Glo. I thanke you kinsman King, your father knowes,
Gloster may boldelie giue a base slaue blowes.

415

Fau. O but not heere, it was not well done heere.

Kin. Farewell good Gloster, you shall heare from vs.

Glo. Euen what your Sonnes will suffer you to send;
Ist not a miserie to see you stand,
That some time was, the Monarch of this land,
Intreating traytors for a subiects freedome?

420

Lei. Let him not speake, away with him to prison.

Glo. Heer's like to be a well stayd common wealth,
Where in proude Leister, and licentious Iohn,
Are pillers for the King to leane vpon.

Io. Wee'll heare your rayling Lecture in the Fleete.

425

Hen. On our displeasure see he speake no more.

Glo. On thy displeasure, well yee haue me heere;
O that I were within my Fort of Bungye
Whose walles are washt with the cleare streames of Aueney
Then would not Gloster passe a halfe-penny,
For all these rebels, and their poore King too.
Laughst thou King Henry? thou knows my words are true,
God help thee good olde man, adew adew.

430

Io. That Castle shal be mine, where stands it Faukenbridge

Fau. Far from your reach sure, vnder Feckhill ridge,
Fiue hundred men (England hath few such wight)
Keeps it for Glosters vse both day and night:
But you may easily winne it, wantons words
Quickly can master men, tongues out brawle swords.

435

Io. Yee are an Idyot.

440

Rich. I prethee *Iohn* forbear.

Joh. What shall olde winter with his frosty iestes,
Crosse flowry pleasure?

Fau. I and nip you too, God mary mother I would tickle you
Were there no more in place but I and you.

445

Kin. Sease these contentions, forward to the Tower,
Release Queene Elinor, and leaue me there

Your prisoner I am sure, if yee had power,
 Ther's nothing lets you but the Commons feare:
 Keep your State Lords, we will by water goe,
 Making the fresh Thames, salt with teares of woe. 450

Hen. And wee'll by land through the Citty ride,
 Making the people tremble at our pride.

Exeunt with Trumpets two waies.

Enter Skinkesolus

Skin. Blacke Heath quoth he, and I were King of all Kent,
 I would giue it for a commodity of Apron-strings, to
 Be in my cottage agen. Princes warrants, mary Skinke 455
 Findes them as sure as an obligation seal'd with butter.
 At Kings Bridge I durst not enter a boate, through
 London the stones were fiery, I haue had a good
 Coole way through the fieldes, and in the high way
 To Ratcliffe stands a heater: Mile-end's couered with 460
 Who goes there. Tis for me sure; O Kent, O Kent,
 I would giue my part of all Christendome to feele
 Thee as I see thee. If I goe forward I am stayed,
 If I goe backward, ther's a roge in a red cap, he's run
 From S. Iohnes after me: I were best stay heere, 465
 Least if he come with hue and cry, he stop me yonder,
 I would slip the coller for feare of the halter;
 But heere comes my runner, and if he run for me,
 His race dyes, he is as sure dead, as if a Parlament
 Of Deuils had decreed it. 470

Enter Redcap.

Red. Ste Ste Stepney chi church yonder, but I haue forgot
 The La La Lady Fau Fau Fau plague on her,
 I mu must b backe to the Fle Fle Fleete to kn kn know it.
 The la the la la Lady Fau, plague on't; G Gloster
 Will gone neere to st stab me, fo for forgetting 475
 My errand, he is such a ma ma mad Lord, the
 La Lady Fau Fau Fau.

Skin. Help me deuise, vpon my life this foole is sent
 From Gloster to his sister *Marian*. 480

Redc. Im must nee needs goe backe, the La Lady
 Fau Fau Fau.

Skin. God speed good fellow.

Red. Go go god sp sp speed you sir. 485

Skin. Why run'st thou from me?

Red. Ma mary sir, I haue lo lost a La Ladyes name, and I am running ba backe to se se seeke it.

Skin. What Lady? I prethee stay.

Red. Why the la Lady Fau Fau Fau.

Skin. Faukenbridge? 490

Red. I the s s same, f f farewell, I th th thanke you ha hartily

Skin. If thou wouldst speake with her she is in Kent,
I serue her, what's thy busines with my Lady?

Red. I sh sh should doe an errand to her f f from my Lord
Of Gloster, but a a and she be in k Kent, Ile s send it by you. 495

Skin. Where is my Lord?

Red. Mary p p prisoner in the Fl Fleete, a a and w would haue her speake to P
Prince R Richard for his re re release.

Skin. I haue much busines, hold ther's thy fare by water, my Lady lyes this
night. 500

Red. Wh wh where I pray?

Skin. At Grauesend at the Angell.

Red. Tis deuillish co co colde going by water.

Skin. Why there's my cloake and hat to keep thee warme,
Thy cap and Ierkin will serue me to ride in
By the way, thou hast winde and ty de, take Oares. 505
My Lady will reward thee royally.

Red. G God a mercy, f fa faith and euerth thou co co come to the Fl Fl Fleete,
Ile giue the tu tu turning of the ke key f for n no nothing.

Skin. Hye thee, to morrow morning at Graues-end Ile wash thy stammering 510
throate with a mug of ale merrily.

Red. God be w with you till s soo soone; what call you the Lady? O now I re
remember the La Lady Fa Faukenbridge at what s signe?

Skin. At the Angell.

515

Red. A Angell, the la la Lady fa fa Fau kenbridge, Fa Fau Faukenbridge.

Skin. Farewell and bee hang'd good stammering ninny, I thinke I haue set your Redcaps heeles a running, wold your Pyanet chattering humour could as sa safely se set mee fr from the searchers walkes. Yonder comes some one, hem: Skink to your trickes this tytty tytty, a the tongue I beleeeue will faile mee.

520

Enter Constable and Watch.

Con. Come make vp to this fellow, let th'other go, he seems a gentleman, what are you sir?

Skin. Would I had kept my owne sute, if the countenaunce carry it away.

Con. Stand sirra, what are you?

Skin. The po po Porters Sonne of the FFI Fleete, going to Stepney about businesse to the La La Lady Fa Fa Faukenbridge.

525

Con. Well bring him thether, some two or three of yee honest neyghbors, and so backe to the Fleete, we'll shew our selues dilligent aboue other Officers.

Skin. Wh wh why le le let me run I am Re Redcap.

Con. Well, sure you shall now run no faster then I lead you, heare yee neighbor Simmes, I leaue my staffe with yee, bee vigilant I pray you, search the suspitious houses at the townes end, this Skink's a trouncer; come, will you be gone sir?

530

Skin. Yes sir, and the deuill goe with you and them,
Well, yet haue hope mad ha hart, co co come your way.

Exeunt.

Enters Robin hood and Blocke.

Blo. Sweet nobilitie in reuersion, Blocke by the commission of his head, Coniures you and withall bindes you, by all the tricks that pages passe in time of Parlament, as swearing to the pantable,²⁵ crowning with Custords, paper whiffes to the sleepers noses, cutting of tagges, stealing of torches, *cum multis aliis*²⁶ tell Blocke, what Blocke you haue cast in the way of my Ladies content.

535

Ro. Block by the antiquity of your ancestrie, I haue giuen your Lady not so much as the least cause of dislike, if she be displeased at any newes I bring,

540

²⁵ “pantable”: a soft, slipper-like shoe; thus, “swearing to the pantable” is basically a comic oath, like saying “by the slipper!” — a deliberately silly, low-status kind of thing, which fits the list of page-boy pranks and foolish tricks in the passage.

²⁶ “cum multis aliis”: with many other things.

it's more then I must blab.

Blo. Zounds these pages be so proude, they care not for an olde
Seruingman, you are a ward and so, an Earle, and no more: you disquiet our
house that's the most: and I may be euen with thee that's the least. 545

Enter the Ladie Faukenbridge.

La. What Blocke, what Blocke I say what doe you there?

Bloc. Making the young Lord merry Maddame,

La. Go attend y^e gate, see if you can let in more greife therat,

Blo. Zounds and greife come in there, and I see him once Ile Coniure his
gaberdine. 550

La. will you be gone sir?

Blo. Hem, these women, these women, and she bee not in loue eyther with
Prince Richard or this lad, let blocks head be made a chopping blocke.

Exit Blocke.

Rob. Faire Madam, what repleye you to my sute,
The prince excepts smiles, welcomes, louing lookes, 555

La. The Prince, if he giue heed to Marrians sute,
Must heare heart-sigh's, see sorrow in my eyes,
And finde cold welcome to calamities.

Rob. And why for gods sake?

La. Euen for Glosters sake. 560

Rob. why by mine honnor, and Prince Richards faith,
Your brother Gloster shall haue liberty,
Vppon condition you release a prisoner
That you haue longe held in captiuitie.

La. I haue no prisoner, 565

Ro. Yes a world of eies, your beuty in a willing bondage ties

La. Go to, you are dispos'd to iest my Lord.

Rob. In earnest I must be an earnest suter
To you for loue, yet you must be my tuter.

La. Are you in loue? 570

Rob. I dearely loue Prince Richard.

La. Then doe you loue the loueliest man aliue.
The Princeliest person of King Henries sonnes,

Rob. I like this well.

La. He is vertuous in his minde his body faire, 575
His deeds are Iust, his speaches debonaire,

Rob. Better and better still.

La. In deed he is what no body can denye.
All louely, beautie all, all Maiestie.

Rob. Ile tell his excelence what you reporte, 580
No doubt he will be very thankfull, for't,

La. Nay heare you young Lord? Gods pittie stayer.

Rob. What haue you more in Richards praise to say?

La. I haue said to much if you misconster me.
Dutie bids praise him, not vnchastitie. 585

Rob. Vnchastitie holy heauens forfend it,
That he or I, or you should once intend it.

Enter Blocke and Richard.

Blo. They are there sir, close at it, I leaue you sir, the more Roome the lesse
company.

Ric. Drinke that, farwell, 590

Blo. If that sir Richard comes, this ties, this bindes,
O golde, thy power conuerteth seruants mindes.

Exit.

Rich. How now faire Maddam who hath angred you?

La. Greife at my brothers duraunce angers me.

Rich. I had thought my Ward young Huntington had vext you 595

La. who he? alas good Gentleman he wrong'd me not.
No matter for all this, Ile tell your tale.

A noyse within, Enter Skinke, Blocke, Constable.

Bls. Sir there comes no more of you in with him then the Constable. Zounds heares a beadroll of Billes at the gate indeed, back ye base

La. Now sirra whats the matter?

600

Blo. Marry heares a stammerer taken clipping the Kings English, and the Constable and his watch hath brought him to you to be examin'd.

Consta. No Madam wee are commaunded by the King to watch, and meeting this fellow at Mile-end, he tels vs, he is the Porters sonne of the Fleete, that the Earle of Gloster sent him to you.

Skin. Iff forsooth h he desire you to speake to the p Prince for him.

605

La. O I conceaue thee, bid him blithly fare,
Beare him this Ring in token of my care.

Skin. If I be rid of this euill Angell that haunts mee, many rings, much Fleete will Skinke come vnto.

Con. Madam, if you know this fellow we'll discharge him.

610

Bloc. Madam, and you be wise, trust your honest neighbors heere, let them bring this ca ca ca ca to the Fleete, and s see your ring deliuered.

Skin. A plague vpon you for a damned roge,
The Porter of the Fleete will surely know me.

La. Good neighbours bring this honest fellow thether,
Ther's for his paines a crowne if he say true,
And for your labour ther's as much for you.

615

Skin. Why Ma Ma Madam, I am Re Re Redcap the Porters sonne.

La. Thou hast no wrong in this, farewell good fellow.

Skin. Best speaking to Prince Richard? no Ile try
And face out Redcap if the slaue were by.

620

La. Make them drinke Blocke.

Blo. Come to the Buttery bar, stitty stitty stammerer, come honest Constable,
hey the watch of our towne, we'll drinke trylill I saith.

As they goe out, enters Sir Richard Faukenbridge stealing forward, Prince and Lady talking. 625

Rob. *Lupus in fabula* my Noble Lord,²⁷
See the olde foxe Sir Richard Faukenbridge.

Rich. We'll fit him well enough, second vs Robin.

La. Ile fit you well enough for all your hope.

Fau. beckens to Blocke.

Fau. Leaue quaffing sirra, listen to their talke.

Bloc. O while you liue beware, two are sooner seene then one: besides, beare
a braine Master, if Block should be now spide, my Madam would not trust this 630
sconce neither in
time nor tyde.

Fau. Well leaue me, now it buds; see see, they kisse.

Bloc. Adew good olde sinner, you may recouer it with a fallet of parsly, and
the hearbe patience, if not sir you knowe the worst, it's but euen this. 635

Rich. Madam, what you desire I not deny,
But promise Glosters life and liberty,
I beg but loue.

Fau. When doth she giue her almes? 640

La. Faire honourable Prince.

Fau. Nay then they speed.

La. My soule hath your deserts in good esteeme.

Fau. Witnesse these goodly times that grace my head.

La. But were you the sole Monarch of the earth,
Your power were insufficient to inuade, 645
My neuer yeelding heart of chastity.

Fauk. Sayst thou so Mall, I promise thee for this,
Ile owe thy cherry lips an olde mans kisse;
Looke how my Cockerill droopes, tis no matter,
I like it best when women will not flatter. 650

Rich. Nay but sweet Lady.

²⁷ 'Lupus in fabula', literally 'the wolf in the story', equivalent to the modern 'Speak of the devil'.

Rob. Nay but gracious Lord, doe not so much forget your Princely worth,
As to attempt vertue to vnchastity.

Fau. O noble youth! 655

Rob. Let not the Ladyes dead griefe for her brother,
Giue life to shamelesse and detested sinne.

Fau. Sweet childe.

Ro. Consider that she is of high decent.

Fau. Most vertuous Earle. 660

Rob. Wife to the noblest Knight that euer breath'd.

Fau. Now blessing on thee blessed Huntington.

Rob. And would you then first staine your Princely stocke,
Wrong beauty, vertue, honor, chastitye,
And blemmish Faukenbridges vntaynted armes?

Fau. By adding hornes vnto our Falcones head,
Well thought on noble youth, twas well put in. 665

La. Besides my gracious Lord.

Fa. Tickle him Mall, plague him on that side for his hot desire.

La. Howeuer secretly great Princes sin. 670

Fau. Oh now the spring she'll doe it sercretly.

La. The King of all harts will haue all syns knowne.

Fa. Ah then she yeilds not.

Ric. Lady heer's my hand, I did but try your honorable faith.

Fau. He did but trie her, would she haue bin tride
It had grone hard on this and on this side. 675

Rich. And since I see your vertue so confirm'd,
as vice can haue no entraunce in your heart,
I vow in sight of heauen neuer againe,
To mooue like question but for loue,

Fau. My hart is eased, holde Blocke take vp my cloake. 680

Blo. And your cap to sir.

Ric. Sir Richard?

Fau. What sweet Prince welcome yfaith,
I see youth quickly get's the starte of age;
But welcome welcome and young Huntington. 685
Sweet Robyn hude, honors best flowring bloome,
Welcome to Faukenbridge with all my hearte,
How cheares my loue, how fares my Marrian, ha?
Be merry chucke, and Prince Richard welcome,
Let it goe Mall I knowe thy greuances. 690
Away away, tut let it passe sweet girle,
Wee needs must haue his helpe about the Earle.

La. Let it not be delayd deere Faukenbridge.

Rich. Sir Richard, first make sute vnto my father,
Ile follow you to Courte and second you. 695

Fau. Follow to Court, ha? then I smell a rat,
Its probable he'll haue about agayne,
Long seige makes entraunce to the strongest fort,
It must not be I must not leaue him heere,
Prince Richard, if you loue my brothers good,
Lets ride back to the Courte, Ile wayte on you. 700

Rich. He's Ielious, but I must obserue the tyme,
We'll ride vnto the Court, Ile leaue my boy
Till we returne, are you agreed to this?

Fau. Oh I hee is an honourable youth, 705
Vertuous and modest, Huntingtons right heyre,
His father Gilbert was the smoothst fac't Lord
That ere bare Armes in England or in Fraunce.

Rich. Solicitie Robin, Lady giue good eare,
And of your brothers freedome neuer feare. 710

Fau. Marrian farwell, wheres Blocke? open the gate,
Come Prince God send vs to proue fortunate?

Exeunt.

La. why doe you stay sir?

Rob. Madam as a Lidger to sollicite for your absent loue 715

La. Walk in the Garden I will follow you.
I faith I faith you are a noble wagge.

Rob. An honorable wag, and wagish Earle.
Euen what you will sweet Lady I must beare,
Hoping of patience, profit will ensue.
That you will beare the Prince as I beare you. 720

La. Well said well said, Ile haue these toyes amended,
Goe, will you walke into the Garden sir.

Rob. But will you promise me to bring no maides,
To set vppon my litle manship there?
You threatned whipping, and I am in feare. 725

La. Vppon my word Ile bring none but my selfe,

Rob. You see I am weapned, doe not I beseech you,
Ile stab them come there twenty ere they breech mee.

Exit.

La. This youth and Richard, think me easily wonne,
But Marrian rather will embrace,
The bony carcassee of dismayng death, 730
Than proue vnchast to Noble Faukenbridge,
Richard's king Henries sonne, is light,
Wanton and loues not humble modestie,
Which makes me (much contrary to my thoughts)
Flatter his humor for my brothers safetye, 735
But I protest Ile dwel among the dead,
Ere I pollute my sacred nuptiall bed.

Exit.

Enter Gloster in his gowne, calling.

Glo. Porter what Porter wher's this drowsie asse?

Enter Porter.

Por. Who calles? my Lord of Gloster all alone? 740

Glo. Alone and haue your wisdomes companie,
Pray wher's the stammering chatterer your sonne?
He's euer running but he makes small haste,
Ile bring his lyther legges in better frame,
And if he serue me thus a nother time. 745

Knocke within.

Harke sir your clients knocke, and't be your pye,

Let him vouchsafe to chatter vs some newes.
Tell him we daunce attendance in our chamber.

Exit porter.

This Iohn and Henry are so full of hate,
That they will haue my head by some deuice,
Gloster hath plotted meanes for an escape, 750
And if it fadge, why so; if not, then well,
The way to heauen is death, this life's a hell.

Enter Porter and Skink.

Port. Why should the Watchmen come along with thee?

Skin. Ther's such a que question for yon s same r rogue Skink p plague keepe
farre enough from him, that a an honest f fellow ca cannot w w walke the 755
streetes.

Port. Well sir dispatch your busines with the Earle,
He's angry at your stay I tell ye that.

Exit.

Skin. Sbloud what a frowne this Gloster castes at me,
I hope he meanes to lend me no more cuffes, 760
Such as he paide me at the Parlament.

Glo. What mutter you, what tydings from my sister?

Ski. Co commendations and s she hath s sent ye this r ring.

Glo. Hold ther's two Angels, shut the chamber doore,
You must about some busines for me strayght; 765
Come nearer man,

Skin. I feare I am to neare,

Glo. Hast thou no tydings for my liberty?

Skin. No b but ye sh shall he heare f from her p p presently. 770

Glo. And p presently sir off with your coate.
Nay quicke, vncase, I am bold to borrow it,
Ile leaue my gowne, change is no robbery.
Stutterer it's so, neare flinch, ye cannot passe,
Cry, and by heauen Ile cut thy cowards throate,
Quickly cashyre your selfe, you see me staye. 775

Skin. N n nay, b b but wh wh what m meane ye?

Glo. To scape I hope, sir with your priuiledge,
How now, who's this, my fine familliar Skinke?
Queene Beldams minnion,

780

Skin. Zounds you see ti's I.

Glo. Tyme sortes not now to know these misteries.
How thou camst by this ring, or stol'st this coate,
They are mine now in possession, for which kindenes
If I escape Ile get thee Libertie,
Or fire the fleete about the Wardens eares,
Mum budgit not a word as thou louest thy life.

785

Skin. I mum mum faire, pray God may chaunce it,
My Lord, but that my state is desperate,
Ide see your eyes out eare I would be cheated.

Glo. Walke like an Earle villaine some are comming.

790

Enter John and Porter.

Io. Where is this Gloster?

Glo. Y y yonder he walks. Fa fa father, I let me out.

Port. Why whether must you now?

Glo. To Ie Iericho I th thinke, tis such a h h humorous Earle.

Port. Well sir wilt please you hasten home againe.

795

Glo. I Ile be h heare in a trice;²⁸ b but p praye haue ca care of th this madcap,
if he g giue vs the s s slip, s s some of vs a are like to m make a sl sl slyppery
occupation on't.

This while John walkes and stalkes by Skinke, neuer a word betwene them.

Port. Looke to your busines sir let me alone.

Glo. Alone? neuer trust me if I trouble thee.

800

Io. Mad Gloster mute, all mirth turn'd to dispaire?
Why now you see what tis to crosse a King,
Deale against Princes of the Royall blood,
Youle snarle and rayle, but now your tounge is bedry'd,
Come caper hay, set all at six and seauen,
What musest thou with thought of hell or heauen?

805

²⁸ 'in a trice': a small amount of time.

Skin. Of neither Iohn I muse at my disgrace,
That I am thus kept prisoner in this place.

Io. O sir, a number are here prisoners,
My Cousen Moorton whome I came to visite,
But he good man is at his morrow masse, 810
But I that neither care to say nor sing,
Come to seeke that preaching hate and prayer,
And while they mumble vp their Orisons,
We'll play a game at bowles, what saist thou Gloster?

815

Skin. I care not if I doe,

Joh. You doe not care, Let olde men care for graues, we for our sportes,
Off with your gowne, there hes my hatt and Cloake,
The bowles there quickly, hee?

Skin. No my gowne stirres not, it keeps sorrowe warme, 820
And she, and I am not to be deuorced,

Enter Porter with bowles.

Jo. Yes ther's an axe must part your head and you,
And with your head, sorrowe will leaue your heart.
But come shall I begin? a pound a game,

Skin. More pounds and we thus heauy? well begin. 825

Ioh. Rub rub rub rub.

Skin. Amen God send it short enough, and mee
A safe running with them clothes from thee.

Ioh. Play Robin, run run run.

Skin. Far enough and well, flye one foote more, 830
Would I were halfe so far without the doore.

Enter Porter.

Ioh. Now Porter whats the newes?

Por. Your Coossen Moorton humbly craues,
Leauing your game, you would come visit him.

Io. Bowle Gloster Ile come presently. 835
So neere mad Robin? then haue after you.

Skin. Would I were gone, make after as you may.

Io. Well sir tis yours, one all, throw but the Iacke
While I goe talke with Moorton: Ile not stay,
Keepe Cloake and hat in pawne Ile hould out play. 840

Skin. I would be sory Iohn but you should stay,
Vntill my bias run another way,
Now passe, and hey passe, Skink vnto your tricks,
Tis but a chaunce at hazard: there lyes Gloster,
and heare stands Skinke, now Iohn play thou thy part, 845
And if I scape Ile loue thee with my heart.
So porter let me foorth.

Enter Porter.

Po. God blesse your grace, ye spoke with the L. Moorton.

Skin. I haue and must about his busines to the Courte.
It greeues me to break my sporte with Gloster,
The melancholy Earle is comfortlesse. 850

Po. I wold your grace would comfort him from hence,
The Fleet is weary of his company.

Redcap knocks.

Skin. Drink that, some knockes, I prethee let me cut,
His head shall off ere long, neuer make doubt. 855

Exeunt.

Enter Iohn at the other doore.

Jo. Now madcap thou winstall; wher art thou Robyn?
Vncased: nay then he meanes to play in earnest.
But whers my Cloake, my rapier, and my hatt?
I holde my birth-right to a beggers scrip,
The basterd is escaped in my cloathes.
Tis well, he left me his to walke the streets, 860
Ile fire the Citty but Ile finde him out,
Perchaunce he hides himselfe to try my spleene,
Ile to his chamber, Gloster? hallo Gloster?

Exit

865

Enter Porter and Redcap.

Por. I wonder how thou camst so strangely chang'd?
Tis not an hower since thou wents from hence.

Red. By my Ch Ch Christendome I ha haue not b b been h heere this three nights, a p p plage of him, that made me such a ch chaunting, and s sent me such a la la launt, blud I was st stayd for Skinke, that ill fa fa fac'd rogue.

Port. I pray God there be no practise in this change. 870
Now I remember these are Skinkes cloathes,
That he wore last day, at the Parlament.

Knocke, Enter at another doore, John in Glosters gowne.

Io. Porter? you Porter?

Por. Doe you not heare them knock, you must stay sir,

Io. Bloud I could eate these rogues. 875

Red. Wh wh what raw, tis a very harsh mo morsell,
Ne next your he heart

Io. A plague vpon your Iaunts, what porter slaue?

Red. I haue been at g grauesend sir.

Ioh. What's that to me? 880

Red. And at Ca Ca Canterbury.

Io. And at the gallows: zounds this frets my soule.

Red. But I c could not f finde your s s sister the La Lady Fau Faukenbridge.

Jo. You stammering slaue hence, chat among your Dawes,
Come ye to mad me? while the rogue your father.

Enter Porter. 885

Red. My f fa father.

Io. Porter? you damned slaue.

Port. Ist Midsomer doe you begin to raue?

Ioh. Harke how the traytor flouts me to my teeth.
I would intreat your knaueship let me forth,
For feare I dash your branes out with the keyes,
What is become of Gloster and my garments? 890

Por. Alas in your apparrell Glosters gone,
I let him out, euen now I am vndone,

Joh. It was your practise, and to keepe me backe
 You sent Iacke Daw your sonne with ca ca ca,
 To tell a sleueles tale: lay hould on him,
 To Newgate with him and you tut atut, 895
 Run red cap and trudge about,
 Or bid your fathers portership farwell.

Exeunt with Porter.

Red. He heares a go good Ie Ie Iest by the L Lord to mo mocke an ape withall:
 my fa fa father has brought his ho ho hoges to a fa fa faire m m market. Po po
 porter quoth you? p po porter that will for me, and I po po porter it, let them
 po po post me to heauen in this qua quarter. But I must s s seeke this Gl Gl
 Gloster and Sk Sk Skinke that co cony catching ra ra rascall, a pa pa plauge co
 co confound him, Re re redcap must ru run he cannot tell whe whether. 900

Exit

*Sound Trumpets, Enter Henry the younger, one one hand of him Queene
 Elinor, on the other Leycester.* 905

Hen. Mother and Leycester adde not oyle to fire.
 Wrath's kindled with a word, and cannot heare
 The number lesse perswasions you infort.

Quee. O but my sonne thy father fauours him.
 Richard that vile abortiue changling brat,
 And Faukenbridge, are fallen at Henries feete.
 They wooe for him, but intreat my sonne
 Gloster may dye for this that he hath done. 910

Leic. If Gloster liue thou wilt be ouerthrowne.

Quee. If Gloster liue thy mother dies in moane.

Ley. If Gloster liue Leyster will flie the realme. 915

Quee. If Gloster liue thy kingdome's but a dreame.

Hen. Haue I not sworne by that eternall arme
 That puts iust vengeance sword in Monarcks hands,
 Gloster shall die for his presumption?
 What needs more coniuration gracious Mother?
 And honorable Leyster marke my words.
 I haue a Bedrole of some threescore Lords 920
 Of Glosters faction.

Quee. Nay of Henries faction.
 Of thy false fathers faction, speake the truth, 925

He is the head of factions; were he downe:
Peace, plenty, glory will impale thy crowne.

Ley. I ther's the But; whose hart-white if we hit,
The game is our's. Well we may rage and roue,
At Gloster, Lancaster, Chester, Faukenbridge,
But he is the vpshot. 930

Quee. Yet begin with Gloster.

Hen. The destenies run to the booke of Fates,
And read in neuer-changing Characters
Robert of Glosters end he dies to day,
So fate, so heauen, so doth King Henry say. 935

Quee. Emperially resoul'd.

Trumpets far off,

Leic. The olde King comes,

Quee. Then comes Luxurious lust,
The King of Concubines, the King that scornes 940
The vndefiled, chast and numptiall bed,
The King that hath his Queene Imprisoned.
For my sake scorne him, sonne call him not father,
Giue him the stile of a competitor.

Hen. Pride seaze vppon my heart, wrath fill myne eyes, 945
Sit lawfull maiestie vppon my front
Dutie flie from me, pittie bee exild,
Sences forget that I am Henries child.

Quee. I kisse thee, and I blesse thee, for this thought. 950

Enter King, Lancaster, Richard, Faukenbridge.

Kin. O Lancaster bid Henry yeeld some reason
Why he desires so much the death of Gloster.

Hen. I heare thee Henry, and I thus reply.
I doe desire the death of Basterd Gloster.
For that he spends the Treasure of the Crowne.
I doe desire the death of basterd Gloster,
For that he doth desire to pull me downe. 955
Or were this false (I purpose to be plaine)
He loues thee, and for that I him disdaine.

Hen. Therin thou shewest a hate corrupted mynde,
To him the more vniust, to me vnkynd. 960

Quee. He loues you as his father lou'd his mother.

Kin. Fie, fie vpon thee hatefull Elinor.
I thought thou hadst been long since scarlet dyde.

Hen. She is and therfore cannot change her colour.

965

Rich. You are to strickt, Earle Glosters fault Merrits not death,

Fau. By th'rood²⁹ the Prince saies true.
Heere is a statute from the Confessor.³⁰

Hen. The Confessor was but a simple foole.
Away with bookes my word shall be a lawe,
England her breath shall from this bosome drawe,
Gloster shall die. 970

Ley. Let Gloster dye the death.

Lan. Leyster he shall not, he shall haue lawe, dispight of him and thee.

Hen. What law, will you be Traitors? whats the lawe? 975

Ric. His right handes losse, and that is such a losse,
As England may lament, all Christians weepe.
That hand hath bin aduanst against the Moores,
Driuen out the Sarasins from Gads and Cicile,
Fought fifteene Battels vnder Christs red crosse,
And is it not (thinke you) a greeuious losse,
That for a slaue (and for no other harme) 980
It should be sundred from his Princely Arme?

Fau. More for example Noble Lancaster, but tis great pitty,
To to great a pittie. 985

He. Ile haue his hand & head.

Ri. Thou shalt haue mine thē.³¹

Que. Wel sayd stubberne Dicke, Iack wold not serue me so,
Were the boy heere:

Ric. Both Iohn and I haue seru'd your will too long;
Mother repent your cruelty and wrong: 990
Gloster you know is ful of mirth and glee,
And neuer else did your grace iniury.

²⁹ "By th'rood": by the cross.

³⁰ "The Confessor": Edward the Confessor.

³¹ "thē": then

Que. Gloster shal dye.

He. Fetch him heere Ile see him dead.

995

Ric. He that sturs for him shall lay downe his head.

Fau. O quiet good my Lords, patience I pray,
I thinke he comes vnsent for by my fay.

Enter Iohn in Glosters gowne.

Ric. What meanst thou Gloster?

1,000

He. Who brought Gloster hyther?

Io. Let Gloster hang and them that
There lyes his case, a mischiefe on his carkasse.

Qu. My deare sonne Jacke?

Jo. Your deere son Iack an apes, your mōkey, your babone, your asse, your
gull.

Ley. What ayles Earle Iohn?

1,005

Jo. Hence further frō³² my sight,
My fiery thoughts and wrath haue worke in hand;
Le curse ye blacker then the Leuarnian Lake,³³
If you stand wondring at my sorrow thus;
I am with childe, big, hugely swolne with rage,
Who'll play the Midwife, and my throbs aswage?³⁴

1,010

Kin. I will my Sonne.

Hen. I will high harted brother.

Io. You will, and you, tut, tut all you are nothing,
Twill out, twill out, my selfe my selfe can ease:
You chafe, you swell, ye are commaunding King,
My father is your footestoole when he please,
Your word's a law, these Lordes dare neuer speake,
Gloster must dye, your enemies must fall.

1,015

Hen. What meanes our brother?

1,020

³² “frō”: from.

³³ “Leuarnian Lake”: the Lernaean Lake, the mythical home of the Hydra in Greek mythology.

³⁴ “aswage”: assuage.

Ioh. He meanes that thou art mad she franticke, Leyster foolish
I the babe, these grinde vs, bite vs, vexe vs, charge,
And discharge, Gloster, O Gloster!

Que. Where is Gloster sonne?

Hen. Where is Glo. brother? 1,025

Kin. I hope he be escaped.

Io. O I could teare my hayre, & falling thus vpon the
Solide earth, dig into Glosters graue, so he were dead
And gone into the depth of vnder worlds.
Or get seditious hundreth thousand hands,
And like Briareus,³⁵ battle with the Starres,
To pull him downe from heauen if he were there. 1,030

Fau. Looke to Earle Iohn the Gentleman is mad.

Io. O who would not be mad at this disgrace?
Gloster the fox is fled, there lies his case, 1,035
He cousned me of myne, the porter helpt him.

Hen. The porter shall be hangd let's part and seeke him,
Gloster shall dye all Europe shall not saue him.

Jo. He is wise, too wise for vs, yet Ile goe with you,
To get more fooles into my company. 1,040

Quee. This is your fathers plot, reuenge it sonne.

Hen. Father by heauen if this were your aduice,
Your head or heart shall pay the bitter price,
Come mother, Brother, Leyster, lets away.

Jo. I, Ile be one, in hope to meete the basterd,
And then no more my selfe will be his headsman. 1,045

Exeunt.

[Enter the King, Richard, Faukenbridge, and Lanchaster]

Kin. Richard and Faukenbridge follow the search,
You may preuent mischaunce by meeting Gloster,
If ye finde Skinke see that you apprehend him,
I heare there is a wizard at blacke heath, 1,050
Let some enquire of him where Skinke remaynes,

³⁵ Briareus is a figure from Greek mythology: one of the three *Hecatoncheires*, the “Hundred-Handers,” monstrous giants with 100 arms and 50 heads. He is the brother of Cottus and Gyges/Gyes.

Although I trust not to those fallacies,
Yet now and then such men prooue Soothsayers.
Will you be gone?

Fau. Withall my heart, withall my heart my Lord, 1,055
Come Princly Richard, we are ever yoak'd.
Pray God there be no mistery in this.

Rich. Be not suspitious where there is no cause,

Fau. Nay nothing, nothing, I am but in iest. 1,060

Exeunt.

Kin. Call in a Purseuant.

Lan. Heares one my Leidge,

Kin. There is a Porter likely to be hangd,
For letting Gloster scape, sirra attend,
You shall haue a reprieue to bring him vs,
These boys are to to stubborne Lancaster, 1,065
But tis theyr mothers fault, if thus she moue me,
Ile haue her head though all the world reprove me.

Exeuntt.

Enter Robin Hood and Lady Fankenbridge. 1,070

La. Doe not deny me gentle Huntington.

Rob. My Lord will misse me.

La. Tut let me excuse thee.

Rob. Turne woman, O it is intollerable!
Except you promise me to play the Page:
Doe that, try one night, and you'll laugh for euer,
To heare the Orizons that Louers vse;
Their ceremonious sighes, their idle oathes,
To heare how you are prais'd and pray'd vnto. 1,075
For you are Richards Saint, they talke of Mary
The blessed Virgin, but vpon his beades
He onely prayes to Marian Faukenbridge.

La. The more his error, but will you agree 1,080
To be the Lady Faukenbridge one day?

Rob. When ist?

La. On Munday.

1,085

Rob. Wherefore ist?

La. Nay then you doe me wrong with inquisition.

And yet I care not greatly if I tell thee.

Thou seest my husband full of iealousie;

Prince Richard in his sute importunate,

My brother Gloster threatned by young Henry;

To cleare these doubttes, I will in some disguise,

Goe to blacke Heath vnto the holy Hermit,

1,090

Whose wisdom in fore-telling things to come,

Will let me see the issue of my cares.

If destiny ordaine me happines,

Ile chase these mistes of sorrow from my heart,

With the bright Sunne of mirth: if fate agree,

1,095

It, and my frends, must suffer misery,

Yet Ile be merry too, till mischeefe come.

onely I long to knowe the worst of ill.

Rob. Ile once put on a scarlet countenaunce.

1,100

La. Be wary least ye be discouered Robyn.

Rob. Best paint me then, be sure I shall not blush.

Enter Block bleeding, Gloster with him.

1,105

Blo. Beate an Officer, Red cap Ile haue ye talkt withall,

Beate Sir Richards Porter? help Madam, help.

Glo. Peace you damned rogue.

La. Brother I pray you forbear.

Glo. Zwonds a hundreth at my heales almost,

And yet the villaine stands on complaiment.

Bloc. Abots one you, ist you?

1,110

Glo. Will you to the doore you foole? and bar the gate,

Holde ther's an angell for your broaken pate;

If any knocke let them not in in haste.

Bloc. Well Ile doe as I see cause, blood thou art deare to me, but heere's a
soueraigne plaister for the sore: golde healeth wounds, golde easeth heartes:
what can a man haue more?

1,115

Exit.

La. Deare brother, tell vs how you made escape?

Glo. You see I am heare, but if you would knowe how:
I cannot scape and tell the manner too,
By this I knowe your howse is compassed
With hel-hound search.

1,120

La. Brother Ile furnish you with beard & hayre, and Garments like my husband, how like you that?

Exit. Lady

1,125

Glo. Well, when I haue them: quickly then dispatch•s blood turne gray beard and hayre?
Robyn conceale, this dyeteth my minde,
Myrth is the obiect of my humorous spleane,
Thou high commaunding furie! further deuce,
Iests are conceated, I long to see their birth,
What come ye sister? Robyn a theeues hand,
But prethee where hadst thou this beard and haire?

La. Prince Richard wore them hether in a maske,

1,130

Glo. Saist thou me so, faith loue the Princely youth,
Tut you must tast stolne pleasure now and than.

Rob. But if she steale and Ielious eyes espie:
She will be sure condemnd of Burglary.

1,135

Glo. Ha crake? can your low stumps venter so deep
Into affections streame? go to you wanton.
What want we now? my nightcap, O tis heare,
So now no Gloster, but olde Faukenbridge,
Harke, the search knockes, ile let them in my selfe;
Welcome good fellowe; ha, what ist you lacke?

1,140

Enter Redcap with another:

Red. Ma master Co constable, se se search you th that way, a and you ho honest man th that way. Ile ru run th this way m my owne se selfe.

They dispearse themselues.

Glo. What search you for? what is it you would haue?

1,145

Enter Blocke.

Blo. Madam, what shall I doe to these browne-bill fellowes? some runne into the wine seller, some heere, some there.

Glo. Let them alone, let them search their filles.

Block. Ile looke to their fingers for all that.

1,150

Glo. Doe so good Blocke, be carefull honest Blocke.

B. Sir stammerer & your wa watch, y'are pa past ifaith.

Exit

Gl. Will you not speake knaues, tel me who you seeke?

Red. Ma mary sit we s seeke a va va vacabond, a fu fugatiue, my La Ladies owne b brother; but and hee were the po po Popes owne b brother, I would ssearch f f for him; for I haue a p poore fatherr ready to be ha ha hang'd f f for him.

1,155

Glo. O tis for Gloster! mary search a gods name,
Seeke peace, will he breake prison too?
It's pitty he should liue, nay I defye him.
Come looke about, search euery little corner,
My selfe will lead the way, pray you come,
Seeke, seeke, and spare not, though it be labour lost:
He comes not vnder my roofe, heare ye wife,
He comes not hyther, take it for a warning.

1,160

Red. You sp sp speake like an honest ge ge Gentleman, re re rest you me me mery, co co come my f f friends, I be beleue h h he r ran by the g g garden w wall toward the wa water side.

1,165

Exeunt running.

Glo. This fellow is of the humour I would chuse my wife,
Few words and many paces, a word and a way, and so
Must I: Sister adieu, pray you for me, Ile do the like for you.
Robin farewell, commend me to the Prince.

1,170

La. Can ye not stay heere safe?

Glo. No, Ile not trust the changing humours of olde Faukenbridge,
Adieu yong Earle, Sister lets kisse and part;
Tush, neere mourne, I haue a merry hart.

1,175

Exit.

La. Farewell all comfort.

Ro. What weeping Lady?
Then I perceiue you haue forgot Blacke-heath.

La. No, there Ile learne both of his life and death.

1,180

Ro. Till Munday Madam I must take my leaue.

La. You will not misse then:

Rob. Nay, if Robin faile yee, let him haue neuer fauour of faire Lady.

La. Meane while Ile spend my time in prayers & teares,
That Gloster may escape these threatned feares.

Exit. 1,185

Enter Skinke like Prince John.

Skin. Thus iets my noble Skinke along the streetes,
To whom each bonnet vailes, and all knees bend;
And yet my noble humour is too light,
By the sixe shillings heere are two crackt groates
To helter skelter, at some vawting house.
But who comes yonder? ha, olde Faukenbridge?
Hath a braue-chaine, were Iohn and he good friends,
That chaine were mine, and should vnto Black-heath
Ile venture, it's but tryal, lucke may fall.
Good morrow good sir Richard Faukenbridge.

1,190

Fau. Good morrow my sweet Prince, harty good morrow,
This greeting wel becomes vs, marry does it;
Better iwis then strife and Iangling.
Now can I loue ye, wil ye to the Shiriffes?³⁶
Your brother Richard hath beene there this houre.

1,195

Skin. Yes I am plodding forward as you doe;
What cost your chaine? it's passing strongly wrought,
I would my Golde-smith had a patterne of it.

1,200

Fau. Tis at your graces seruice, shew it him.

Skin. Then dare ye trust me?

1,205

Fau. Who the Princely Iohn?
My Soueraignes sonne, why what a question's that?
Ile leaue you, yee may know I dare trust you.

³⁶ "Shiriffes": sheriffs.

Ski. Ile bring't ye to the Shiriffes, excuse my absence.

Fau. I wil my noble Lord, adieu sweet Prince.

1,210

Exit.

Skin. Why so, this breakfast was wel fed vpon,
When Skinkes deuises on Blacke heath doo faile,
This and such cheates, would set me vnder saile.
Ile to the water side, would it were later,
For stil I am afraide to meete Prince Iohn.

Enter Gloster like Fauken bridge.

1,215

But what a mischief meant Faukenbridge
To come againe so soone? that way he went,
And now comes peaking; vpon my life
The buzzard hath me in suspition,
But whatsoeuer chaunce, Ile filch a share.

Glo. Yonder's Prince Iohn I hope he cannot know me,
Ther's naught but Gloster Gloster in their mouthes;
I am halfe strangled with the Garlicke breath,
Of rascals that exclames as I passe by,
Gloster is fled, once taken he must dye.
But Ile to Iohn, how does my gracious Lord?
What tattles rumour now? what newes of Gloster?

1,220

1,225

Skin. What newes could I heare since you left me last?
Were you not heere euen now? lent me your chaine,
I thinke you dote.

Glo. Sweet Prince, age, age forgets, my brothers chaine? a pretty accident,
Ile haue't and be but in the spight of Iohn.

1,230

Skin. Ther's more, and more, Ile geld it eare it go.

He breaks the chaine.

This same shal keep me in some sauerne merry,
Til nights blacke hand curtaine this to cleare sky.

Fau. My sweet Prince, I haue some cause to vse my chaine,
Another time (when ere your Lordship please)
Tis at your seruice, ô mary God it is.

1,235

Skin. Heere palsie, take your chaine, stoop and be hang'd,
Yet the fish nibled, when she might not swallow;
Gout I haue curtall'd what I could not borrow.

1,240

Exit.

Glo. He's gone away in frets, would he might meete
My brother Faukenbridge in this mad moode,
There would be rare adoe; Why this fits me,
My braine flowes with fresh wit and pollicy.
But Gloster looke about, who haue we yonder?
Another Iohn Prince, Richard and the Shiriffe? 1,245
Vpon my life, the slaue that had the chaine,
Was Skinke, escapt the Fleete by some mad sleight,
Wel, farewell he, better and better still,
These seeke forme, yet I wil haue my will.

1,250

Jo. Shiriffe, in any case be diligent.
Whose yonder, Faukenbridge?

Glo. How now sweet chucke, how fares my louely Prince?

Io. What carest thou? or wel, or ill, we craue no help of thee.

1,255

Glo. Gods mother doe you scorne me?

Io. Gout, what then?

Rich. Fye, leaue these idle braules, I prethee Iohn
Lets follow that we are inioyn'd vnto.

Glo. I mary Prince, if now you slip the time,
Gloster wil slip away; tut though he hate me 1,260
I haue done seruice, I haue found him out.

Ric. A shame confound thee for thy treachery,
Inconstant dotard, tymerous olde asse,
That shakes with cowardise not with yeares.

Glo. Goe, I haue found him, I haue winded him. 1,265

Io. O let me hug thee gentle Faukenbridge,
Forgiue my oft ill vsing of thine age,
Ile call thee Father, ile be penitent,
Bring me where Gloster is Ile be thy slaue,
All that is mine, thou in reward shalt haue. 1,270

Glo. Soft, not too hasty, I would not be seene in't,
Mary a god my wife would chide me dead,
If Gloster by my meanes should loose his head.
Princely Richard at this corner make your stand:
And for I know you loue my sister well,
Know I am Gloster and not Faukenbridge. 1,275

Ric. Heauen prosper thee sweet Prince in thy escape.

Glo. Shiriffe, make this your quarter, make good guard.
Iohn, stay you heere, this way he meanes to turne,
By Thomas I lacke a swoord, body a me.

1,280

Io. What wouldst thou with a swoord olde Faukenbridge?

Glo. O sir to make shew in his defence,
For I haue left him yonder at a house
A friends of mine, an honest Cittizen.

Io. Wee'll fetch him thence.

1,285

Glo. Nay then you iniure me, stay till he come; he's in a russet cloake
And must attend me like a Seruingman.

Io Holde ther's my swoord, and with my swoord my heart,
Bring him for Godsake, and for thy desert,
My brother King and mother Queene shall loue thee.

1,290

Glo. Marke me good Prince, yonder away we come,
I goe afore and Gloster followes me;
Let not the Shiriffe nor Richard meddle with vs,
Begin you first, seaze Gloster and arrest him;
Ile draw and lay about me heere and heere,
Be heedfull that your watchmen hurt me not.

1,295

Io. Ile hang him that doth hurt thee, prethee away,
I loue thee, but thou kilst me with delay.

Glo. Wel keep close watch, ile bring him presently.

1,300

Io. Away then quickly.

Gl. Gloster, close master Shiriffe, Prince Richard,

Ri. Gloster adieu.

Glo. I trust you.

Rich. By my Knight-hood Ile prooue true.

1,305

Exit Gloster.

Ioh. Reuenge, Ile build a Temple to your name;
And the first offering shal be Glosters head,
Thy Alters shal be sprinkled with the bloud,
Whose wanton current his mad humour fed;
He was a rymer and a Ridler,

A scoffer at my mother, prays'd my father,
Ile fit him now foral, escape and all. 1,310

Ric. Take heede spight burst not in his proper gall.

Enter Faukenbridge and Blocke.

Jo. How now, what way tooke Faukenbridge I wonder?
That is not Gloster sure that attends on him.

Fau. He came not at the Shiriffes by the morrow masse,
I sought the Goldsmithes rowe and found him not; 1,315
Sirra, y'are sure he sent not home my chaine?

Blo. Who should send your chaine sir?

Fau. The Prince, Prince Iohn I lent it him to day.

Io. What's this they talke? 1,320

Blo. By my truth Sir, and ye lent it him, I thinke you may goe look it: for one
of the Drawers of the Salutation tolde me euen now, that he had tooke vp a
chamber there till euening, and then he will away to Kent.

Fau. Body of me, he meanes to spend my chaine,
Come Blocke Ile to him.

Iob. Heare you Faukenbridge? 1,325

Fau. Why what a knaue art thou? younders Prince Iohn.

Bl. Then the Drawer's a knaue, he told me Prince Iohn was at the Salutation.

Jo. Wheres Gloster Faukenbridge?

Fau. Sweet Prince I knowe not. 1,330

Joh. Come, iest not with me, tell me where he is?

Fau. I neuer saw him since the Parlament.

Io. Impudent lyar, didst thou not euen now
Say thou woldst fetch him? hadst thou not my sword?

Fau. Wert thou a King, I will not beare the lye,
Thy sword? no boy, thou seest this sword is myne. 1,335

Blo. My Master a lyer? Zounds wert thou a potentate,

Fau. I scorne to weare thy armes vntutred childe,
 I fetch thee Gloster? shamelesse did I see thee
 Since as I went this morning to the Siriffes,
 Thou borrowedst my gold chaine?
 1,340

Io. Thy chaine?

Fau. I hope thou wilt not cheate me princkocks Iohn.

Io. Ile cheat thee of thy life if thou charge me
 With any chaine.

Fau. Come, let him come I pray, Ile whip yee boy, Ile teach you to out face. 1,345

Blo. Come, come, come, but one at once, ye dasterds come

Rich. Keepe the Kings peace, I see you are both deceau'd,
 He that was last heare, was not Faukenbridge.

Fau. They slaunder me, who sayes that I was heare?
 1,350

Ric. Wee doe beleeeue ye sir; nor doe you thinke
 My brother Iohn deceiu'd you of a chayne.

Fau. He did, I did deliuer it with this hand.

Joh. Ile dye vpon the slanderer,

Fau. Let the boy come.
 1,355

Blo. I, let him come, let him come.

Ric. Fellow, thou spakst euen now, as if prince Iohn
 Had byn at some olde Tauerne in the towne.

Blo. I sir, I came vp now, but from the Salutation,
 And a drawer that doth not vse to lye, tolde me
 Prince Iohn hath byn there all this after noone.
 1,360

Ioh. The Deuill in my likenesse then is there.

Fau. The Deuill in thy likenesse or thy selfe,
 Had my gold chaine.

Ioh. Thou art the Deuill, for thou
 Hadst my good sword, all these can witnesse it.
 1,365

Fau. Gods Mother thou bely'st mee.

Jo. Giue me the lye?

Rich. Nay calme this fury, lets downe to the Tauerne,
Or one, or both, these counterfeites are there.

Fau. I know him well enough that had my chaine, 1,370
And there be two Iohns, if I finde one there,
Ber Lady, I will lay him fast.

Rich. It is this Skinke that mockes vs I beleeeue.

Joh. Alas poore Skink it is the Deuill Gloster;
Who if I be so happy once to finde, 1,375
Ile giue contentment, to his troubled minde.

Rcih.³⁷ I hope he's far enough, and free enough:
Yet these conseytes I know delight his soule.

Fau. Followe me Blocke, follow me honest Blocke. 1,380

Blo. Much follow you, I haue another peece of worke in hand; I heare say
Redcaps father shall bee hanged this after noone, Ile see him slip a string
though I giue my seruice the slip; beside my Lady bad me heare his
examination at his death: Ile get a good place, and pen it word for word, and
as I like it, set out a moornefull Dittie to the tune of Labandalashot, or rowe
wel ye Marriners, or somewhat as my muse shall me inuoke. 1,385

Exit.

*Enter Gloster like Faukenbridge with a Purseuant, Gloster hauing a paper in
his hand, the Purseuant bare.*

Glo. A charytable deed, God blesse the King,
He shall be then repreeued.

Pur. I sir, some day or two, till the young King and Prince
Iohn chaunge it, especially if the good Earle bee not found which God forbid.

Glo. What house is this that wee are stept into to read this warrant in? 1,390

Pur. A Tauerne sir, the Salutation,

Glo. A Tauerne? then I will turne prodigall,
Call for a pint of Sacke good fellow.

Pur. Drawer? 1,395

³⁷ Typographical error present in Folger quarto.

Dra. Anan sir.

Glo. A pint of thy best Sacke my pretty youth.

Dra. God blesse your worship sir, ye shal haue the best in London sir.

Gl. What knowst thou me? knowst thou old Faukenbridge?
I am no Tauerne hunter I can tell thee.

Draw. But my Master hath taken many a faire pound of your man Blocke; he 1,400
was heere to day sir, and fild two bottles of nippitate sacke.

Glo. Well, fill vs of your nippitate sir.
This is well chaunest, but heere ye boy?
Bring Suger in white paper, not in browne;
For in white paper I haue heere a tricke,
Shall make the Purseuant³⁸ first swound, then sicke. 1,405
Thou honest fellow what's thy name?

Pur. My name is Winterborne sir.

Glo. What countryman I prethee? 1,410

Pur. Barkeshire and please ye.

Gl. How long hast thou bin sworne a messenger?

Pur. But yesterday and please your worship,
This is the First imployment I haue had.

Enter Drawer with wine and Suger. 1,415

Glo. A good beginning, heere haue too thee fellow;
Thou art my fellow now thou seruest the King,
Nay take Suger too, Gods Lady deere,
I put it in my pocket, but it's heere:
Drinke a good draught I prethee Winterborne.

He drinkes and falles ouer the stoole. 1,420

Dra. O Lord Sir Richard, the man, the man.

Glo. What a forgetfull beast am I? peace boy,
It is his fashion euer when he drinkes.
Fellow he hath the falling sickenes,
Run fetch two cushions to rayse vp his head,
And bring a little Key to ope his teeth.

³⁸ 'pursuivant', a heraldic officer.

Exit Drawer. 1,425

Purseuant, your warrant and your boxe,
These must with me, the shape of Faukenbridge
Will holde no longer water heere about.
Gloster wil be a proteus euery houre,
That Elinor and Leyster, Henry, Iohn,
And all that rabble of hate louing cures,
May minister me more mirth to play vpon. 1,430

Enter Drawer.

Dra. Heer's a key sir, and one of our folke to help.

Glo. No matter for a key, help him but in,
And lay him by the fire a little while,
He'll wake immediatly, but be hart sicke,
Ther's money for a candle and thy wine, 1,435
He goe but vp vnto your Aldermans,
And come downe presently to comfort him.

Exeunt
1,440

Within Ski. Drawer? what Drawer? with a vengeance Dra.

Within Dra. Speake in the Crowne there.

Enter Skinke like Prince John.

Skin. They be come, the deuill crowne yee one by one,
Skinke tho' art betraide, that master Faukenbridge
Missing some of his chaine, hath got thee dog'd.
Drawer? what Drawer?

Dra. Anan, anan sir. 1,445

Ski. Was not sir Richard Faukenbridge below?

Dra. Yes and please yee.

Skin. It does not please me wel, knowes he that I am heer?

Dra. No I protest. 1,450

Ski. Come hether sirra, I haue little money,
But ther's some few linkes of a chayne of golde:
Vpon your honesty knowes not sir Richard,
That I am heere?

Dra. No by my holydam.³⁹ 1,455

Skin. Who's that was with him?

Dra. Why a Purseuant.

Skin. Where is sir Richard?

Dra. At the Aldermans.

Skin. A Purseuant and at the Aldermans.
What Pyg, or Goose, or Capon haue you kill'd, 1,460
Withing your Kitchin new?

Dra. A pyg new stickt.

Skin. Fetch me a sawcer of the bloud, quicke run;

*Exit [Drawer].*⁴⁰ 1,465

Ile sit the Purseuant, and Alderman,
And Faukenbridge, if Skinke haue any wit.
Well Gloster, I did neuer loue thee yet,
But th'art the maddest Lord that ere I met,
If I scape this, and meete thee once againe,
Cursse Skinke, if he dye penny in thy det.

Enter Drawer. 1,470

Dra. O my Lord the house is full of holberts, and a great many Gentlemen
aske for the roome where Prince Iohn is?

Skin. Lend me thy Aprone, runne and fetch a pot from the next roome.
Betray'd, swounds betray'd, by gout, by palsie, by dropsie;
O braue boy, excellent bloud: vp, take my cloake
And my hat to thy share, when I come from Kent, ile pay
Thee like a King. 1,475

Dra. I thanke you my Lord.

Exit.

Enter John, Richard. Faukenbridge, Shiriffes and Officers.

Ski. Now fortune help or neuer: they come, and yee were a Prince as yee say
ye are, yee would bee ashamed to abuse a poore seruant thus, but and
if you were not of the bloud Royall, Ide breake the necke of yee downe the

³⁹ "Holydam": Holy Dame, i.e. the Virgin Mary.

⁴⁰ The context suggests that it is Drawer who exits, for he re-enters moments later.

stayres, so would I, Ide teach you to hurt prentises.⁴¹ 1,480

Ri. Who hurt thee fellow?

Skin. Prince deuill or his dam, Prince Iohn they call him.

Joh. Gloster I hope.

1,485

Ri. I doubt not but it's Skinke.

Io. Where is he?

Skin. Vp them stayres, take heede of him.
He's in the Crowne.

Fau. Alas poore fellow, he hath crown'd thee shrewdly.

1,490

Jo. In recompence, if it be him I seeke,
Ile giue thee his whole head to tread vpon.
Follow me brother, come olde Faukenbridge,
Keep the stayres Shiriffes, you see it waxeth darke,
Take heede he slip not by you.

Exeunt 1,495

Ski. Hange your selues, this darkenes shal conuay me out, of doors
Ile swim the Thames, but Ile attaine Black-heath,
London farewell, curse Iohn, raue Faukenbridge,
Skinke scapes you all by twy lights priuylledge.

Within. Where is he? lights, bring lights, drag out that boy.

1,500

Enter all with the boy.

Io. This is my cloke, my hat, my rapier,
And eyther it was Skinke or Gloster.

Dra. I know not who twas sir, he said he was Prince Iohn, he tooke away my
aprone and a pottle pot with him, and al to bloudied his head and face.

Fau. We met him, by S. Anthony, we met him.

1,505

Io. The fire of S. Anthony confound
This changing counterfeit whatsoever he be.

Rich. It makes me laugh at enuious greedines,
Who feedes vpon her owne harts bitternes.

⁴¹ "prentises": apprentices.

Ioh. Sirra you that were borne to cry anan,
What other copesmates haue you in the house? 1,510

Draw. Sir, my Maisters gesse be none of my copesmates.⁴²

Jo. Well your gesse, can ye gesse who they be?

Draw. Marry heere's a purseuant, that this Gentleman sir
Richard Faukenbridge left sick euen now.

Fau. Marry of God dyd I, thou lying knaue? 1,515

Dra. I am a poore boy sir, your worship may say your pleasure, our maides
haue had a foule hand with him, you said he would be sicke: so he is with a
witness.

Ioh. Looke about Faukenbridge, heere's worke for you,
You haue some euill Angell in your shape, 1,520
Goe sirra, bring vs foorth that Purseuant?

Enter two leading the Purseuant sicke.

Rich. Gloster, thou wilt be too too venterous,
Thou doost delight in those odde humours so,
aside. That much I feare they'll be thy ouerthrowe.

Pur. O O O not too fast; O I am sicke, O very sicke. 1,525

Io. What picture of the pestilence is this?

Purs. A poore man sir, a poore man sir: downe I pray yee, I pray let me sit
downe. A sir Richard, sir Richard, a good sir Richard: what haue I deseru'd to
be thus dealt with all at your worships hands? a ha, ah, ah.

Fau. At my hands knaue? at my hands paltry knaue? 1,530

Dra. And I should be brought to my booke oath sir:

Within. What Ieffrey?

Dra. Anan, anan.

Ioh. A plague vpon your Ieffring, is your name Ieffrey? 1,535

Dra. I and't please you sir.

Rich. Why gentle Ieffrey then stay you awhile,
What can you say, if you come to your booke?

⁴² Companions, comrades.

Dra. If I bee pos'd vpon a booke sir, though I bee a poore prentise, I must speake the truth, & nothing but the truth sir.

Jo. And what's your truth sir? 1,540

Pur. O, O my heart.

Dra. Mary sir this Knight, this man of worship.

Fau. Well, what of me? what did my worship doe?

Dra. Mary ye came into the Bel, our roome next the Barre, with this honest man as I take it. 1,545

Fau. As thou tak'st it?

Pur. O sir tis too true, too true, too true O Lord.

Dra. And there he call'd for a pint of Sacke, as good Sacke
(Ile bee pos'd vpon all the bookes that euer opened and shut) as any is in all Christendome. 1,550

Fau. Body of me, I come and call for Sacke?

Pur. O ye did, ye did, ye did, O O.

Ioh. Well forward sirra.

Ric. Gloster hath done this iest. 1,560

Dra. And you call'd then for Suger sir, as good Suger and as wholesome, as euer came in any cup of Sacke: you drunke to this man, and you doe well God be thanked, but hee no sooner drunke:

Pur. But I, but I, but I, O my head, O my heart.

Rich. I cannot chuse but smile at these conseites. 1,565

Io. I am mad, and yet I must laugh at Faukenbridge:
Brother, looke how sir Richard actes his rage?

Fau. I came? I call? the man is like to dye,
Practise by th'emafse, practise by the marry God,
Iohn loues me not, Prince Richard loues my wife,
I shall be charg'd heere, for a poysned knaue.
Practise by th'Lord, practise I see it cleare. 1,570

Pur. And more Sir Richard, O Lord O Sir Richard.

Fa. What more? what hast thou more? what practise more?

Pur. O my box, my box, with the Kings armes, O my box,
O my box, it cost me, O Lord euery penny O, my box. 1,575

Rcih.⁴³ And what of your box sir.

Dra. Mary sir it's lost, & tis wel knowne my Master keeps no theeues in his house, O there was none but you and he.

Fau. O then belike thou thinkest I had his box, 1,580

Pur. O sir Richard I will not, O Lord I will not charge you for all the world, but, but, but for the warrant the olde King signd to repreeue the Porter of the fleet, O God, O God!

Ioh. The Porter of the Fleet, the olde king signd,

Pur. I my good Lord, oh, oh, 1,585

Io. Is he repreiued then?

Pur. No my Lord, O sir Richard tooke it from me with his owne hand, O.

Fau. Heeres a deuice to bring me in contempt
With the olde King, that I euer lou'd,
Princes and Shiriffe, you can witnesse with me,
That I haue bin with you, this after noone,
Onely with you, with no body but you, 1,590
And now a fellow whome the King would saue,
By a repreiue, this fellow sayes is hang'd.

Io. If thou hadst done it, Ide haue iustified it,
But Richard I conceipt this iest already, 1,595
This mad mate Skinke, this honest merry knaue,
Meeting this Purseuant, and hearing tell
He had a warrant to repreeue a slaue,
Whome we would hang: stole it away from him.
This is sure the Iest, vpon my life it is.

1,600
Pur. O but my warrant, how shall I doe? O.

Ric. But looke about you, hot braind brother Iohn,
And I beleeeue you'l finde it otherwise,
Gloster hath got the warrant in disguise,
And sau'd the fellow you so faine would hang. 1,605

⁴³ Misprint present in Folger quarto.

Io. No, no, how say you M. Shiriffe, is he not hang'd?

Shi. My Lord, the gibbet was set vp by noone
In the olde Bayly, and I charg'd my men,
If I returne not, though it were by Toarch light,
To see him executed ere they come.

1,610

Jo. I am greedy to heare newes.

Fau. Rob'd of my chaine, out-fac'd I had a sword,
Accus'd of poysoning, cousonage, seeking bloud?
Not to be borne: it is vntollerable.

Rich. Sir Richard, I prethee haue some patience.

1,615

Fau. Ile to Blacke-heath, talke not of patience,
It is intollerable, not to be borne.

Io. It is intollerable not to be borne,
A warrant brother, Faukenbridge a warrant?

Fau. I saw no warrant, I defie you all.

1,620

Jo. A slaue, a Purseuant, one winter borne.

Fau. I care not for thee that winter borne.

Pur. O it is I sir, that's my warrant.

Io. Ist you? you rogue, you drunkerd; yeare cheated,
And we are cheated of the prisoner,
Out dog, dog.

1,625

Pur. O ô ô ô my Lord.

Exit and Drawer.

Shi. Haue patience and we wil haue a priuy search.

Ioh. Goe hang ye block-heads, get ye from my sight,
O would I were a Basiliske, to kill
These gleare ey'd villaines.

1,630

Shir. Come away let's leaue him.
We haue a warrant let him doe his worst.

Exeunt Shiriffes and Officers.

1,635

Fau. Ile to Blacke-heath, Ile to the holy Hermit,
There shall I knowe not onely these deceiuers,

But how my wife playes fast and loose with Richard.
Ha, I shall fit them, Ile tickle them,
Ile doo't, Ile hence, Ile to the Heath amaine,

Exit.

1,640

Ioh. There shall I know, where this damned Gloster is,
Ile haue the Deuils rous'd to finde that Deuill,
Or else Ile coniure the olde Coniurer.
Ile to Blacke-heath, and there with friends conspire,
But Ile haue Glosters head my hearts desire.

Rich. Would mad Earle Robyn saw these humouristes.

Twol'd feed him fat with Laughter; O twold sit him,

1,645

Where euer he is, I knowe the bate consaite

Is better to him than his daintiest foode,

Well, and it fits mee well, now I haue time,

To coort my Lady Faukenbridge at leysure,

Loue I emplore thy aide faire Cipria,

Thou sea-borne mother at affections ring,

1,650

Shine brightly in thy sphere, that at my starre,

My plannet thou of all lights most beautious,

Be thou to my desires Auspitious.

Exit.

1,655

Enter Robin Hood in the Lady Faukenbridges gowne, night attire on his head.

Rob. O for this Lady, was neuer poore Gentleman troubled with Gentlewoman
as I am with my selfe, my Lady Faukenbridge hath fitted me a turne, heere I
am visited with sleeuelesse errands and with asking for this thing Madam and
that thing Madam, that they make me almost mad in earnest, whoop heer's
another Client.

Enter a Seruingman.

1,660

Ser. Heer's my Lady Rawfords Page attends to speake with your Ladyship.

Rob. I pray ye bid her Lordships Page come into my
Ladyship: well Robin Hood, part with these pettycoates,
And cast these loose deuices from thy backe,
Ile nere goe more vntrust, neuer bee kercheft.
Neuer haue this adoe, with what doe you lacke?

1,665

Enter Page.

Pag. Madam my Lady greets your honour kindely,
And sends you the first grapes of her young vine.

Rob I am much indepted to her honour, thers an angel for you to drinke; set
them vp till after supper. Humphery, pray looke about for Blocke. Humphery?

trust mee I thinke the foole be lost.

1,670

Pa. No forsooth, Madam hee's vpon the greene Iesting with a stammerer, one Redcap.

Rob. It is a lewd fellowe, pray bid him come in youth, Ile giue him his welcome at the doore: commend me to your Lady, I pray ye hartily.

Exit Page 1,675

Humphrey, I maruell where sir Richard is so late? truely, truely hee does not as beseemes a gentleman of his calling, pray let some goe foorth to meete him on the greene, and send in that blockehead Blocke.

Exit Humphrey.

Enter Redcap and Blocke after him.

Bloc. Wil ye tel tales ye asse, will ye?

Red. Ile te te tell your La La Lady or I would to g God we were ha hang'd else, as my fa father should haue bin. 1,680

Rob. Now what's the matter there I pray you? what company haue you there a gods name? where spend you the day I pray?

Bloc. Why where you gaue me leaue, at the gallows I was, no farther.

Red. A a and you be his La Lady, you are the La Lady Fau Faukenbridge, the Earle of glo Glosters sister. 1,685

Rob. I am so fellow.

Red. Y y your man b b Blocke heere, does no nothing but f f floute m me, a and cr cries r run Re Redcap ad s s see your f f father ha ha hang'd. I sh shal g go neere to m make m murder and he v vse it.

Rob. Wel firra, leaue your mocking you were best, Ile bob your beetle head and if you mocke him. 1,690

Blo. He's run Redcap.

Red. La la law ma Madam.

Rob. Away ye saucy foole, goe waite within. 1,695

Blo. Run Redcap, run Redcap.

Exit.

Rob. Art thou the Porters sonne, that was condemned about my brother Gloster?

Red. I g g God be with ye, I am the p p Porters son, I m must r run to s s seeke your b br brother.

Rob. Wel, drinke that fellow, if thou finde my brother bee not too violent, and Ile reward thee. 1,700

Red. I th th thanke ye h hartily, and I had not bin cousoned with Sk Skinke, I had no nee need of these ia iaunts, for Gl Gloster was s safe enough.

Enter Blocke and the Porter with his cloake muffled.

1,705

Blo. Ah farewel Redcap.

Red, Fa fare we wel and be ha hang.

Exit.

Rob. You'll neuer leaue your knauery, whose there more?

Blo. One Madam that hath commendations to you from your brother.

Rob. Commett thou from Gloster? thou art welcome friend

Blo. O it's one of the kindest Ladies (though she wil now & then haue about with Block) that euer breath'd and she had been in her mood now, Redcap would haue made her such sp sp sport as't a pa pa past. 1,710

Rob. Wil you make sport and see who knockes againe?

Bl. Our gates are like an Anuile, from foure to ten, nothing but knicke a knocke vpon't.

Exit. 1,715

Rob. Wil you be gone sir? honest friend I am glad
My brother Gloster got thy liberty,
Whose flight was cause of thy captiuity:
Nor shal there be in vs such negligence,
Though thou haue lost thy Office and thy house,
But we wil see thee better farre prouided,
Than when thou wert porter in the Fleete.

1,720

Enter Blocke.

Blo. Madam your olde friend Prince Richard,
All alone, making mone, fetching many a greeuous grone.

Rob. Prince Richard come so late? lights to his chamber,
Sirra, in any case say I am sicke. 1,725

Blo. Very sicke, sicke and like to dye: Ile sing it and you wil.

Ro. Away ye knaue, tel him, in the morning
Ile humbly waite vpon his excellence.

Blo. That's all his desire to haue ye lowly and humble, and tis a courteous
thing in a Lady. 1,730

Exit.

Ro. Hence, or else ile set you hence: goe in good friend.
Come Lady Faukenbridge, it's time to come,
Robin can holde out no longer I see,
Hot wooers will be tempters presently.

Exit 1,735

Enter Skinke like a Hermit.

Ski. Now holy Skinke in thy religious weed,
Looke out for purchase, or thy wonted clyants:
Warrents quoth you, I was fairely warrented,
Young Robin Hood the Earle of Huntington,
Shall neuer fetch me more vnto his Prince.

Enter Ladie Faukenbridge in Merchants wiues attyre. 1,740

But *pauca verba* Skinke, a prize, a prize,
By th'mas a pretty girle, close Hermit close,
Ore-heare if thou canst, what she desires,
For so my cunning and my credit spreads.

La. See how affection armes my feeble strength,
To this so desperate iourneying all alone, 1,745
While Robin Hood young Earle of Huntington,
Playes Lady Faukenbridge for me at home.

Ski. What mistery is this? the Lady Faukenbridge,
It's she, sweet fortune thou hast sent her wel,
I will intice this morcell to my Cell:
Her husband's iealous, I will giue him cause, 1,750
As he beleeuues, I hope it shall succeed;
Nay swounds it shal, she's mine in scorne of speed.

La. By this broad beaten path, it should appeare,
The holy Hermits Caue cannot be farre, 1,755
And if I erre not, this is he himselfe.

Ski. What honour'd tongue enquereth for the Hermit?

La. What honour'd tongue?

Ski. I Lady Faukenbridge,
I know ye, and I know for what you come. 1,760
For Gloster and your husbands iealousie.

La. O thou, whose eye of contemplation,
Lookes through the windows of the highest heauens,
Resolue thy Hand-maide, where Earle Gloster liues:
And whether he shal liue, and scape the hate,
Of proude young Henry and his brother Iohn? 1,765

Ski. Ile haue you first in, Ile tel you more anone.
Madam, they say bushes haue eares and eyes,
And these are matters of great secrecy:
And you'll vouchsafe enter my holy Cell,
There what you long to know, ile quickly tell. 1,770

Enter Iohn and Faukenbridge.

La. Stay heere are strangers.

Ski. A plague vpon them, come they in the nicke,
To hinder Raynald of his Foxes trickes?

Jo. Good day olde Hermit. 1,775

Fau. So to you faire Dame.

Io. By Elinors gray eye she's faire indeed;
Sweet heart come ye for holy benizons?
Hermit hast thou good custome with such Cliants?
I cannot blame your feates, your iugling trickes,
Plague iuggle you. 1,780

La. Why cursse ye sacred worth?

Fau. Ill done in sooth my Lord, very ill done,
Wrong holines: a very pretty woman.
Mocke grauity; by the masse a cherry lippe,
A it's not wel done, deride a holy Hermit? 1,785

Ioh. I haue it in my purse shall make amends.

Ski. His purse and yours, shall make me some amends,
For hindring me this morning from the Lady;

For scaring me at Tauerne yesternight,
For hauing backe your chaine, Ile fit you both. 1,790

Io. Hermit, a word.

Fau. A word with you faire mistresse.

Io. Where lye your deuils that tel all your newes?
Would you would trouble them for halfe an houre,
To know what's become of traytor Gloster,
That in my cloathes brake prison in the Fleete? 1,795

Ski. No, it was Skinke.

Jo. Come olde foole yee dote. 1,800

Ski. But heare me.

Fau. Heare him Prince.

Io. Swounds who heares you? Ile make your Lady graft ye for this worke: but
to your tale sir.

Ski. Knowe thrise honour'd Prince, that Skinke did cousen
Redcap of his cloathes. 1,805
Gloster did couzen Skinke, and so escapt.

Jo. Well done Faukenbridge?

Fau. My Lord, he tels you true.

Jo. You finde it on her lippes: but forward sir. 1,810

Ski. Twas Skinke in Glosters gowne, whome you did visit,
That playd at bowles and after stole your cloths,
While you went into the Lord Moortons chamber.

Io. This sauors of some truth,

Fau. Tis very like, 1,815

Joh. Well Faukenbridge by heauen Ile tell your wife,

Fau. She'l much belecue you: you will come?
Tell me of my wife: this euening faile me not.
My wife quoth you: Ile send my wife from home,
Do, tell my wife prince Iohn, by my deare mother,
I loue her too too well to like another. 1,820

La. It seemes so fox, O what a world is this,
There most sinne raynes where least suspition is.

Fau. You'l come.

La. I will not faile, I warrant you,

1,825

Jo. Hermit is all this true,

Ski. Himselfe deliuer not so much before ye sleepe,
Roote me from out the borders of this Realme.

Jo. Well by your leaue sir Richard Faukenbridge,
Hence free from feare, you'l melt you'l melt olde man.

Fau. Nay take her to you, she is a shrow I warrant,
Ile to the holy Hermit, and inquire,
About my chaine your sword, the Purseuant
And other matters that I haue to aske.

1,830

Ski. Your welcome good sir Richard,

1,835

Io. Nay doe not stand on tearmes, I am fire, all life,
Nor neuer tell me that I haue a wife.
I doe not meane to marry, ye think so,
But to be merry, you the manner knowe.
And you will haue me, haue me, poynt a meeting,
Ile be your true loue, you shall be my sweeting,
If you deny to promise, this is plaine
Ile haue my will eare you get home againe.

1,840

La. most gracious Lord.

Io. Tut tell not me of grace I like no goodnes but a beautious face.
Be therefore breefe, giue me your hand & sweare,
Or Ile away with you into the heath,
Neither shall Faukenbridge nor Hermit helpe,
And what I doe Ile answer well enough.

1,845

La. Why, then my Lord.

1,850

Jo. Nay do not stand on then,
But tell me when my Lord shall haue you Lady,
Its presently, ile venter for a baby.

La. This night at stepney by my summer house,
There is a tauerne which I sometime vse,
When we from London come a gossoping,
It is the Hinde.

1,855

Io. Giue me thy pretty hand.
Thou'lt meet me at the Hinde, Ile by thy Roe.

La. One word's enough, 1,860

Ioh. Suffice then be it so,

La. Ile fit my olde adulterer and your grace,
Ile send the Princesse thether in my place.

Fa. Prince Iohn, Prince Iohn the Hermit teles me wonders.
He sayes it was Skinke that scapt vs at the Tauerne,
Sk nke had my chaine: nay sure that Skinke did all.

1,865

Skin. I say goe but to yonder corner,
And ere the Sun be halfe an hower higher,
Ther will the theefe attempt a robbery.

Io. Who Skinke?

1,870

Fau. Will Skinke?

Ski. I Skinke vpon my word.

Fau. Shal we goe seaze vpon him good Prince Iohn?

Io. Nay we will haue him that's no question.
And yet not hurte the honest rogue.
he'll helpe vs well in quest of changeing Gloster,
Hermit farwell, Lady keepe your houre.

1,875

Fau. Adeiu olde Hermit: soone in th'euening Lasse.

La. Ile meet you both, and meet with both of you.
Father what answere doe you giue to me?

Ski. Lady start downe I must into my cell, 1,880
Where I am curing of a man late hurt,
He drest, I must vnto my Orizons,
In halfe an houre al wil be dispatcht,
And then I will attend your Ladyship.

La. At your best leasure father, O the life 1,885
That this thrise reuerend Hermit leadeth heere.

How farre remote from mortall vanities,
Baites to the soule, enticements to the eye?
How farre is he vnlike my lustfull Lord?
Who being giuen himselfe to be vchaste,
Thinke all men like himselfe, in their effects, 1,890

And iniures me, that neuer had a thought,
To wrong the sacred rites of spotlesse faith.

Enter Skinke with a patch on his face, and a Faulconers lure in his hand.

1,895

Ski. Hermit farewell, ile pay ye or speake with ye next time I see yee. Sweete mouse the Hermit bids you stay heere, he'll visit you anon. Now Iohn and Faukenbridge, Ile match yee, and I doe not say Skinke's a wretch, a wren, a worme, when I haue trickt them, Madam I will trimme you. Commodity is to be prefer'd before pleasure. About profit Skink, for crownes for crownes, that make the kingly thoughts.

La. I am assur'd that man's some murderer.

1,900

Exit [Skinke?].⁴⁴

Good Father Hermit speake and comfort me,
Are ye at prayers good olde man? I pray ye speake,
What's heere a beard? a counterfeited hayre?
The Hermits portes? garments and his beades?
Iesus defend me I will fly this denne,
It's some theeues caue, no haunt for holy men.
What if the murderer, (as I ges him one)
Set on my husband, tush Prince Iohn and hee
Are able to defend them noble selues,
How eare, I will not tarry, Ile away,
Least vnto theft and rape, I prooue apray.

1,905

1,910

Exit.

Enter Skinke Solus.

Skin. Younder they are Ile fit them, heer's my ground:
Wa ha how, wa ha how, wa ha how?

Enters Faukenbridge.

1,915

Fau. I warrant ye my Lord some man's distrest.

Ioh. Why man tis a Faulconer.

Fa. Mary of me good fellow, I did think thou hadst bin robd.

Ski. Rob'd, sir no, he that comes to rob me shal haue a hard match on't, yet two good fellows had like to bin rob'd by one tall theefe, had not I stept in: abots on him, I lost a hauke by him, & yet I car'd not to send another after him, so I could find the theefe; and here about he is. I know he is squatted.

1,920

⁴⁴ The context suggests that it is Skinke who exits, for he re-enters after the lady's speech.

Fau. Sayst thou me so? We'l finde him by S. Mary.
An honest fellow, a good common wealths man.

Io. There are caues heereabout good fellow, are there not?

Ski. Yes sir, tread the ground sir, & you shal heare their hollownes, this way
sir this way. 1,925

Io. Help Faukenbridge.

Fau. O help me good prince Iohn.

Skin. Ile helpe you both, deliuer sir deliuer, Swounds linger not: Prince Iohn
put vp your pursse, or ile throw ponniards downe vpon your pate. Quickly,
when? I am Skink that scapt ye yesternight, and fled the Fleete⁴⁵ in your
cloake, carrying mee cleane out of winde and raine. I broke the bonds and 1,930
linkes that fettered your chaine amity, this cheate is mine: Farewel I cannot
stay, sweet Prince, olde Knight, I thanke ye for this pray.

Fau. Gods mary mother, heer's a iest indeed,
We came to take, a theefe takes vs: 1,935
Where are ye good my Lord?

Jo. No matter where, I thinke I was fore-spoken at y^e teate,
This damn'd rogue seru'd me thus? Gloster and he
Vpon my life conclude in villany.
He was not wont to plot these stratagems,
Lend me your hand a little, come away, 1,940
Let's to the Cell againe, perchaunce the Hermit
Is Skinke, and theefe, and Hermit al in one.

Fau. Mary a God then ten to one its so,
Wel thought on Princely Iohn, 1,945
He had my chayne, no doubt he had your sword.

Ioh. If there be now no Hermit at the Cel,
Ile sweare by al the Saints its none but he.

Exeunt.
1,950

Enter Gloster in the Hermits gowne, putting on the beard.

Glo. This accident hath hit thy humour Gloster,
From purseuant ile turne a Hermit now.
Sure he that keeps this Cell is a counterfeit,
Else what does he heere with false hayre and beard?
Well how so eare it be, Ile seeme to be

⁴⁵ The Fleet Prison.

The holy Hermit: for such fame there is,
Of one accounted reuerend on this heath. 1,955

Enter Skinke.

Ski. Ile faine vnto my cell, to my faire Lady,
But Iohn and Faukenbridge are at my heeles.
And some od mate is got into my gowne,
And walks deuoutly like my counterfeite,
I cannot stay to question with you now,
I haue another gowne, and all things fit, 1,960
These guests once rid, new mate? Ile bum, Ile marke you.

Gl. What's he a gods name? he is quickly gone,
I am for him, were he Robin-good fellow,
Whose yonder the Prince Iohn and Faukenbridge?
I thinke they haunt me like my *genii*, 1,965
One good the other ill, by th'mas they pry
And looke vppon me but suspitiously.

Io. This is not Skinke, the Hermit is not Skinke:
He is a learned reuerend holy man. 1,970

Fau. He is he is a very godly man.
I warrant ye, he's at his booke at's prayers,
Wee should haue tooke you, by my hollydam
Euen for a very theefe.

Glo. Now God forfend such noblemen as you should gesse me so, 1,975
I neuer gaue such cause for ought I knowe.

Ioh. Yet thou didst tell vs Skinke should doe a robbery,
Appoynted vs the place, and there we found him.

Fau. And he felt vs, for he hath rob'd vs both. 1,980

Glo. He's a lewd fellow, but he shall be taken.

Io. I had rather heere of Gloster then of him.

Glo Gloster did cheat him, of the same golde chaine,
That deceiu'd Sir Richard Faukenbridge.
He got your sword Prince Iohn: twa's he that saude
The porter, and beguil'd the Purseuant. 1,985

Ioh. A vengauce on him.

Glo. Doo not cursse good Prince, he's bad enough, twere better pray for him.

Jo. Ile kill thee, and thou bid me pray for him.
 Ile fell woods, and ring thee round with fire,
 Make thee an offering vnto fierce reuenge,
 If thou haue but a thought to pray for him. 1,990

Glo. I am bound to pray for all men, chefely christians.

Ioh. Ha ha, for christians, thinkst thou he is one?
 For men: hast thou opinion he is a man?
 He that changes himselfe to sundry shapes,
 Is he a christian? can he be a man? 1,995
 O, Irreligious thoughts.

Glo. Why worthy Prince I saw him christened, dept into the font.

Io. Then nyne times like the northen laplanders,
 He backward circled the sacred Font, 2,000
 And nyne times backward sayd his Orisons,
 As often curst the glorious hoast of heauen,
 As many times inuocke the fiends of hell,
 And so turn'd witch, for Gloster is a witch.

Glo. Haue patient Gentle Prince, he shall appeare, 2,005
 Before your Kingly father speedily.

Io. Shall he indeed? sweet comfort kisse thy cheekes,
 Peace circle in thy aged honoured head,
 When he is taken: Hermit I protest
 Ile build thee vp a chappell and a shrine:
 Ile haue thee worshipt, as a man deuine, 2,010
 Assure he shall come, and Skinke shall come.

Glo. I that same Skinke, I prethee send that Skinke,

Joh. Send both, and both as prisoners crimminate
 Shall forfeite their last liues to Englands state, 2,015
 Which way will Faukenbridge?

Fau. Ouer the water, and so with al speed I may to Stepney.

Io. I must to Stepney too, and reuile, and be blith,
 Olde winke at my mirth, t'may make amends,
 So thou, and I, and our friends, may be friends. 2,020

Fau. Withall my heart, withall my heart Prince,
 Olde Faukenbridge will waite vppon your grace,
 Be good to Gloster for my Marrians sake,
 And me and myne you shall your seruants make.

2,025

Glo. Of that anon my pleasure being seru'd,
Gloster shall haue what Gloster hath deseru'd.

Fau. Why, that's well said, adew good honest Hermit.

Exit.

Io. Hermit farwell, if I had my desire,
Ile make the world thy wonderous deeds admire.

Exit. 2,030

Glo. Still good, still passing good, Gloster is still
Henryes true hate, foe to Iohns froward will.
No more of that for them in better tyme,
If this same Hermit be an honest man,
He will protect me by this simple life,
If not I care not, Ile be euer Gloster,
Make him my foot stole if he be a slaue,
For Basenesse ouer worth can haue no power.
Robin be thinke thee, thou art come from Kings.
Then scorne to be slaue to vnderlings,
Looke well about thee Lad and thou shalt see,
Them burst in enuy that would iniure thee.
Hermit Ile meet you in your Hermits gowne,
Honest, Ile loue you: worse, Ile knocke you downe.

2,035

2,040

Exit.

2,045

Enter Prince Richard with musicke.

Kinde friends, wee haue troubled Lady Faukenbridge,
And eyther she's not willing to be seene,
Or els not well: or with our boldnesse greeu'd,
To ease these I haue brought you to this window,
Knowing your are in musicke excellent,
I haue pend a ditty heere: and I desire
You would sing it for her loue and my content.

2,050

Musi. With all my heart my Lord.

Enter Robin Hood like the Lady.

Rob. Your excellence forgets your Princely worth,
If I may humbly craue it at your hands,
Let me desire this musicke be dismiss.

Ric. For beare I pray and with draw your selues.
Be not offended gracious Marrian,

2,055

Vnder the vpper heauen, nine goodly spheres,
Turne with a motion euer musicall,
In Pallaces of Kings, melodious sound
Offer pleasures to ther soueraignes eares.
In Temples, milke white clothed queristors, 2,060
Sing sacred Anthemes bowing to the shrine,
And in the feelds whole quires of winged clarkes,
Salutes the morning bright and Christaline,
Then blame not me, you are my heauen, my Queene,
My saint, my comfort, brighter then the morne, 2,065
To you all musicke, and all praise is due.
For your delight you for delight was borne,
The world wold haue no mirth, no ioy, no day,
If from the world your beautie were away.
2,070

Rob. Fie on loues blasphemie and forgery,
To call that in, thats onely misery,
I that am wedded to suspitious age,
Solicited by your lasciuious youth,
I that haue one poore comforte liuing,
Gloster my brother, my hie harted brother, 2,075
He flies for feare, least he should faint and fall
Into the hands of hate tirannicall.

Ric. What would you I should doe?
2,080

Rob. I would full faine, my brother Gloster had his peace againe.

Ric. Shall loue be my reward if I doe bring
A certaine token of his good estate.
And after pacyfie my brothers wrath?
Say you'l loue, we'l be fortunate.

Rob. I will. 2,085

Rich. No more, I vow to dye vnblest
If I performe not this inposed quest,
But one word Madam pray can you tell,
Where Huntington my ward is?

Rob. I was bold to send yong Robin Hood your noble ward
Vpon some busines of import for me. 2,090

Ri. I am glad he is imployde in your affayres,
Farewell kinde faire, let one cloudy frowne
Shaddow the bright sunne of thy beauties light.

2,095

Be confident in this, ile finde thy brother,
Rayse power but we'l haue peace, onely performe
Your gracious promise at my backe returne.

Rob. Wel, heer's my hand, Prince Richard that same night
Which secondeth the day of your returne,
Ile be your bedfellow, and from that houre
Forsweare the loathed bed of Faukenbridge: 2,100
Be speedy therefore, as you hope to speed.

Ric. O that I were as large wing'd as the winde,
Then should you see my expeditious will:
My most desire, adew, guesse by my haste,
Of your sweet promise the delicious taste. 2,105

Exit.

Rob. Why so: I am rid of him by this deuise,
He would else haue tyred me with his sighes and songs.

Enter Blocke.

2,110

But now I shall haue ease, heere comes the Saint,
To whom such sute was made.

Bl. My Lady Gentlewoman is euen heere in her priuitye walke, Madam heer's
the Marchants wife was heere yesterday would speake with yee; O I was
somewhat bolde to bring her in.

Ro. Wel leaue vs sir; y'are welcome gentlewoman. 2,115

Blo. These women haue no liberality in the world in them,
I neuer let in man to my Lady, but I am rewarded.

Rob. Please ye to walke sir? wherfore mumble ye?

La. Robin what newes? how hast thou done this night?

Ro. My Ladiship hath done my part, my taske,
Lyne all alone for lacke of company, 2,120
I might haue had Prince Richard.

La. Was he heere?

Rob. He went away but now; I haue bin lou'd & wood too simply,
God rid me of the woman once againe,
Ile not be tempted so for all the world,
Come, wil you to your chamber and vncase? 2,125

La. Nay keep my habit yet a little while,
Olde Faukenbridge is almost at the gate,
I met him at Black heath iust at the Hermits,
And taking me to be a Merchants wife,
Fell mightily in loue, gaue me his ring, 2,130
Made me protest that I would meete him heere.
I tolde him of his Lady, O tut quoth he,
Ile shake her vp, ile packe her out of sight,
He comes kinde Robin Hood, holde vp the iest.

2,135

Enter Sir Rich. Faukenbridge and Blocke.

Fau. Gods mary knaue, how long hath she bin heere?

Blo. Sir she came but euen in afore you.

Fa. A cunning queane, a very cunning queane,
Go to your busines Block, ile meete with her.

Blo. Ah old Muttonmounger I beleeeue heer's worke towards. 2,140

Exit.

Fau. Doe not beleeeue her Mall, doe not beleeeue her:
I onely spake a word or two in iest,
But would not for the world haue bin so mad,
Doe not beleeeue her Mall, doe not beleeeue her.

Rob. What should I not beleeeue? what doe you meane? 2,145

La. Why good Sir Richard, let me speake with you,
Alas wil you vndoe me? wil you shame me?
Is this your promise? came I heere for this?
To be a laughing stocke vnto your Lady

Rob. How now Sir Richard, what's the matter there? 2,150

Fa. Ile talke with you anon, come hyther woman?
Didst not tel my wife what match we made?

La. I tel your wife? thinke ye I am such a beast?
Now God forgiue ye, I am quite vndone.

Fau. Peace duck, peace ducke, I warrant al is wel. 2,155

Rob. What's the matter? I pray ye sir Richard tell me?

Fau. Mary Mall thus, about some twelue monthes since,
Your brother Gloster, that mad prodigall,
Caus'd me to passe my word vnto her husband,

For some two thousand pound: or more perchaunce,
No matter what it is, you shall not know, 2,160
Nay ye shal neuer aske to know.

Rob. And what of this?

Fau. Mary the man's decayde,
And I beleue a little thing would please her; 2,165
A very little thing, a thing of nothing.
Goe in good Mall, and leaue vs two alone,
Ile deale with ye as simply as I can.

La. Fox looke about ye, ye are caught yfaith. 2,170

Rob. Deale with her simply, ô ho; what kinde of dealing?
Can ye not deale with her and I be by?

Fau. Mary a God, what are ye iealous?
Ye teach me what to doe: in, get you in.
O I haue heard Prince Richard was your guest,
How dealt you than? In get you in I say,
Must I take care about your brothers debts, 2,175
And you stand crossing me, in, or ile send you in.

Exit Robin.

Ha sirra, you'll be master, you'll weare the yellow,
You'll be an ouer-seer: mary shal yee.

La. Ye are too curst (me thinkes sir) to your Lady; 2,180

Fau. Ah wench content thee, I must beare her hard,
Else she'll be prining into my dalliances:
I am an olde man sweet girle I must be merry,
All steele, al spright, keep in health by change,
Men may be wanton, wowed must not range. 2,185

La. You haue giuen good counsel sir, ile repent me,
Heer's your ring, ile onely loue my husband.

Fau. I meane not so, I thinke to day thou toldes me
Thy husband was an vnthrift, and a bankrout,
And he be so, tut thou hast fauour store,
Let the knaue beg, beauty cannot be poore. 2,190

La Indeed my husband is a bankrout,
Of faith, of loue, of shame, of chastity,
Dotes vpon other women more then me. 2,195

Fau. Ha doe he so? then giue him tit for tat,
Haue one so young and faire, and loues another,
He's worthy to be coockolded by the masse.
What is he olde or young?

La. About your age.

2,200

Fa. An old knaue and cannot be content with such a peate,
Come to my closet girle, make much of me,
We'll appoint a meeting place some wise a weake,
And ile maintaine thee like a Lady, ha?

La. O but you'll forget me presently,
When you looke well vpon your Ladies beauty.

2,205

Fau. Who vpon her? why she is a very dowdy,
A dishclout, a foule lipsie vnto thee,
Come to my closset lasse, there take thy earnest
Of loue, of pleasure and good maintenaunce.

La. I am very fearefull.

2,210

Fau. Come foole neuer feare I am Lord heate, who shall disturb as then?
Nay come, or by the rood Ile make you come.

La. Help Madam Faukenbridge for gods sake.

Enter Robin Hood and Blocke.

2,215

Fau. How now, what meanst?

La. Help Gentle Madam help,

Rob. How now what aylst thou?

Bloc. Nay and't be a woman, nere feare my master Madam

La. Why speakst thou not, what aylst thou?

Fau. Why nothing, by the rood nothing she ayls.

2,220

La. O Madam this vile man would haue abused me,
And forst me to his closset.

Rob. Ah olde cole, now looke about, you are catcht,

La. Call in your fellowes blocke.

Fa. Doe not thou knaue,

2,225

La. Doe or Ile cracke your crowne,

Blo. Nay Ile doo't, I knowe she meanes to shame you.

Exit.

Fau. Why Mall wilt thou beleeeue this paultrie woman?
Huswife Ile haue you whipt for slaundring me.

Ro. What Leacher, no she is an honest woman,
Her husband's well knowne, all the houshold knowes. 2,230

Blo. Heer's some now, to tell all the towne your mynd.

La. Before ye all I must sure complaine,
You see this wicked man, and ye all knowe
How oft he hath byn Iealous of my life,
Suspecting falshood being false himself. 2,235

Blo. O maister, O maister.

Fau. She slaunders me, she is a cousoning queane,
Fetch me the Constable, Ile haue her punish.

La. The Constable for me fie, fie vpon ye.
Madam do you know this ring? 2,240

Rob. It is sir Richards.

Blo. O I, that's my masters too sure.

Fau. I mary, I did lend it to the false drab
To fetch some money for that bankrout knaue
Her husband, that lyes prisoner in the Fleete. 2,245

La. My husband bankrout? my husband in the Fleete prisoner?
No, no, he is as good a man as you.

Rob. I that he is, and can spend pound for pound
With thee yfaith, wert richer then thou art,
I know the gentleman. 2,250

La. Nay Madam he is hard by, there must be Reuelles at the Hinde to night;
Your copesmate there, Prince Iohn.

Rob. Ther's a hot youth.

Bl. O, afierce Gentleman. 2,255

La. He was fierce as you, but I haue matcht him,
The Princesse shall be there in my attyre.

Fau. A plaguy crafty queane, mary a God
I see Prince Iohn, coorted as well as I,
And since he shal be mockt as well as I,
Its some contentment.

2,260

Bl. Masse he droopes, fellow Humphrey, he is almost taken,
Looke about ye old Richard?

Fau. Hence knaues, get in a little, prethee Mall
Let thou and I and she, shut vp this matter.

Rob. Away sirs, get in.

2,265

Bl. Come, come let's goe, he wil be baited now, farewell old Richard.

Exit

Rob. Now sir, what say you now?

Fa. Mary sweet Mall I say I met this woman, likt her, lou'd her,
For she is worthy loue I promise thee;
I say I coorted her: tut make no braule
Twixt thou and I, we'l haue amends for all.

2,270

Ro. Had I done such a tricke, what then? what then?

Fau. Ah prethee Mall, tut beare with men.

Rob. I, we must beare with you; you'l be excus'd,
When women vnderued are abus'd.

2,275

Fau. Nay doe not weep, pardon me gentle Lady,
I know thee vertuous, and I doo protest,
Neuer to haue an euill thought of thee.

Rob. I, I, ye sweare, who's that that will beleue ye?

2,280

Fau. Now by my holy dam and honest faith,
This Gentlewoman shall witnes what I sweare.
Sweet Ducke a little help me?

La. Trust him Madam.

Fau. I will be kinde, credulous, constant euer,
Doe what thou wilt, ile be suspitious neuer.

2,285

Ro. For which I thanke noble Faukenbridge.

Fau. Body of me who's this? yong Huntington?

La. And I your Lady whome you coorted last,
Ye lookt about you ill, foxe we haue caught ye,
I met ye at Blacke heath, and ye were hot.

2,290

Fau. I knew thee Mall, now by my swoord I knew thee,
I winkt at all, I laught at euery iest.

Rob. I, he did winke, the blinde man had an eye.

Fa. Peace Robin, thou't once be a man as I.

2,295

La. Well, I must beare it all.

Fa. Come, & ye beare, its but your office, come forget sweet Mall.

La. I doe forgiue it and forget it sir.

Fa. Why that's well said, that's done like a good girle:
Ha sirra, ha you matcht me pretty Earle?

Rob. I haue, ye see sir I must vnto Blacke heath,
In quest of Richard, whom I sent to seeke
Earle Gloster out, I know he's at the Hermits;
Lend me your Coach; Ile shift me as I ride,
Farewell sir Richard.

2,300

Exit. 2,305

Fau. Farewell Englands pride, by the mattins Mall it is a pretty childe;
Shall we goe meete Iohn? shall we goe mocke the Prince?

La. We will.

Fa. O then we shall haue sport anon,
Neuer weare yellow Mall, twas but a tricke,
Olde Faukenbridge wil stil be a mad Dicke.

2,310

Exeunt.

Enter Redcap and Gloster.

Red. Doe ye s s say fa fa father Hermit, th that Gl Gloster is about this Heath?

Glo. He is vpon this Heath Sonne looke about it,
Run but the compasse, thou shalt finde him out,

Red. R r run? ile r run the co compasse of all k Kent but Ile f finde him out,
my f f father (where ere hee layes his head) dare ne neuer co come home I
know, t t till hee bee fo fo found. 2,315

Gl. Wel thou shalt find him, knowst thou who's a hunting?

Red. M m mary tis the Earles of La La Lancaster and Le Leyster. Fa fa
farewell f father, and I finde Skink or Glo Gloster, Ile g g giue thee the pr prise
of a penny p p pudding for thy p paines. 2,320

Glo. Adew good friend: this is sure the fellow
I sent on message from the Parlament.
The Porters sonne, he's still in quest of me,
And Skinke that cousoned him of his red cap.

Enter Richard like a Seruing man. 2,325

But looke about thee Gloster, who comes yonder?
O a plaine seruingman, & yet perhaps his bags are lyn'd,
And my purse now growes thin: if he haue any I must share with him.

Enter Skinke like a Hermit.

And who's on yond side? O it is my Hermit,
Hath got his other sute since I went foorth.

Ski. Sbloud yonder's company, ile backe againe, 2,330
Else I would be with you counterfeite,
Ile leaue the rogue till opportunity,
But neuer eate till I haue quit my wrong.

Exit
2,335

Ric. I saw two men attend like holy Hermits,
One's slipt away, the other at his beades,
Now Richard for the loue of Marian,
Make thy inquiry where mad Gloster liues.
If England or the verge of Scotland holde him,
Ile seeke him thus disguis'd: if he be past
To any forraigne part; ile follow him.
Loue thou art Lord of hearts, thy lawes are sweet, 2,340
In euery troubled way, thou guidst our feete.
Louers inioyn'd⁴⁶ to passe the daungerous Sea
Of big swolne sorrow, in the Barke affection;
The windes and waues of woe need neuer feare,
While Loue, the helme doth like a Pylate⁴⁷ steare. 2,345

⁴⁶ "injoyned": enjoined.

⁴⁷ "Pylate": pilot.

Glo. Heer's some loue come, a mischiefe on him,
I know not how to answere these mad fooles,
But ile be briefe, ile marre the Hermits tale;
Off gowne, holde Buckler, slice it bilbowe blade.

Ric. What's this? what should this meane? old man, good friend

2,350

Glo. Young foole deliuer else see your end.

Ric. I thought thou hadst been holy and a Hermit.

Glo. What ere you thought, your pursse? come quickly sir?
Cast that vpon the ground, and then conferre.

Ric. There it is.

2,355

Glo. Falles it so heauy? then my heart is light.

Ric. Thou't haue a heauy heart before thou touch it,
Theft shrinde in holy weedes? stand to't y'are best.

Glo. And if I doe not, seeing such a pray,
Let this be to me a disaster day.

Ric. Art thou content to breath?

2,360

Fight & part once or twice

Glo. With al my heart, take halfe thy money & we'l friendly part.

Ric. I will not cherish theft.

Glo. Then I defye thee.

Fight againe and breath,

2,365

Ric. Alas for pittie, that so stout a man,
So reuerend in aspect, should take this course.

Glo. This is no common man with whom I fight,
And if he be, he is of wondrous spright,
Shall we part stakes?

Ric. Fellow take the pursse vpon condition thou wilt follow me.

2,370

Glo. What waite on you? weare a turn'd Liury?
Whose man's your master? If I be your man,
My mans mans office will be excellent:
There lyes your pursse againe, win it and weare it.

Fight.

2,375

Enter Robin Hood, they breath, offer againe.

Rob. Clashing of weapons at my welcome hyther?
Bickring vpon Blacke-heath, well said olde man,
Ile take thy side, the yonger hath the oddes.
Stay, end your quarrell, or I promise ye
Ile take the olde mans part.

Ric. You were not wont yong Huntington, stil on Richards side

2,380

Rob. Pardon gracious Prince I knew ye not.

Gl. Prince Richard: then lye enuy at his foote,
Pardon thy cousen Gloster, valiant Lord,
I knew no common force confronted myne,
O heauen I had the like conseite of thine.

Ric. I tell thee Robin Gloster thou art met,
Bringing such comfort vnto Richards heart.
As in the foyle of warre when dust and sweat,
The thirst of weake, and the Sunnes fiery heate,
Haue seazd vppon the soule of valiaunce,
And he must faint except he be refresht.

2,385

To me thou comst as if to him should come,
A perry from the North, whose frostie breath
Might fan him coolnesse in that doubt of death.
With me then meets, as he a spring might meet,
Cooling the earth vnder his toyle partcht feet,
Whose christall moysture in his Helmit taine,
Comforts his spyrits, makes him strong againe.

2,390

2,395

Glo. Prince, in short termes if you haue brought me comfort
Know if I had my pardon in this hand
That smit base Skinke in open Parliament,
I would not come to Court, till the high feast
Of your proud brothers birth day be expyred,
For as the olde King as he made a vow
At his vnluckie Coronation,
Must waite vpon the boy and fill his cuppe,
And all the Pieres must kneele while Henry kneeles
Vnto his cradle; he shall hang me vp,
Eare I commit that vile Idolatrie.
But when the feast is past if you'll befrend me,
Ile come and braue my proud foes to their teeth.

2,400

2,405

Ric. Come Robin, and if my brothers grace denye,
Ile take thy parte, them and their threatens defye.

2,410

Glo. Gramercy Princly Dicke.

Rob. I haue some power, I can rayse two thousand Soldiers in an hower.

2,415

Glo. Gramercy Robin, gramercy little wag,
Prince Richard, pray let Huntington
Carry my sister Faukenbridge this ring.

Ric. Ile carry it my selfe, but I had rather
Had thy kinde company, thou mightst haue mou'd
Thy Sister, whome I long haue vainely lou'd.

2,420

Glo. I like her that she shunes temptation
Prince Richard, but I beare with doting louers,
I should not take it well, that you vrge me
To such an office: but I beare with you,
Loue's blind and mad, hie to her boldly, try her;
But if I know she yeeld, faith Ile defie her.

2,425

Ric. I like thy honorable resolution,
Gloster I pray thee pardon my intreate.

Glo. its mens custome; part part Gentle Prince,
Farwell good Robin this gold I will borrow,
Meet you at stepney pay you all to morrow.

2,430

Rob. A dew Gloster.

Gl. Farwell, be short; you gone, I hope to haue a little sport.

Ric. Take heed mad Cuz.

2,435

Exeunt.

Glo. Tut tell not me of heed,
He that's too wray neuer hath good speed.

Hollowing within, Enter Lanc. with a broken staffe in his hand.

Whose this old Lancaster my honoured frend?

Lan. These knaues haue seru'd me well, left me alone,
I haue hunted fairely, lost my purse, my chaine,
My Iewels, and bin bangd by a bold knaue,
Clad in a Hermits gowne like an olde man,
O what a world is this?

2,440

Glo. Its ill my Lord.

Lan. Hee's come againe, O knaue tis the worse for thee,
 Keepe from me, be content with that thou hast, 2,445
 And see thou flie this heath, for if I take thee,
 Ile make thee to all theeues aspectacle,
 Had my staffe held, thou hadst not scaped me so,
 But come not neare me, follow not thou art best,
 Holla, Earle Leyster, holla Huntsman hoe?
 2,450

Glo. Vppon my life, old Lancaster a Hunting,
 Hath met my fellow Hermit, could I meet him,
 Ide play rob theefe, at least part stakes with him.

Skin. Zounds he is yonder alone. 2,455

Enter Redcap with a cudgel.

Skinke now reuenge thy selfe on yonder slaue.
 Znayles still preuented? this same Redcap rogue
 Runs like hob-goblin vp and downe the heath.

Red. Wh wh wh whope He Hermit, ye ha ha ma ma made
 Re Redcap run a fine co co compasse, ha haue you not?

Ski. I made thee run? 2,460

Glo. Younders my euill Angell, were redcap gone, Gloster would coniure him.

Red. Ie Ie Iesus bl blesse me, whop to to two Hermits? Ile ca ca caperclaw to
 to tone of yee, for mo mo mocking me, and I d d doo not ha ha hang me: wh
 wh which is the fa fa false k k k knaue? for I am s s sure the olde He He
 Hermit wo would neuer mo mocke an honest man. 2,465

Glo. he is the counterfet he mockt thee fellow.
 I did not see thee in my life before,
 He weares my garments, and has coussoned⁴⁸ me.

Red. Haue you co co cousoned the he Hermit and m made
 Redcap run to no pu pu purpose? 2,470

Ski. No he's counterfet I will tell no lyes,
 As sure as Skinke deceiu'd thee of thy clothes,
 Sent thee to Kent, gaue thee thy fare by water,
 So sure hee's false, and I the perfet Hermit.

Glo. This villaine is a coniurer I doubt, 2,475
 Were he the deuill yet I would not budge.

⁴⁸ "coussoned": tricked, deceived.

Red. Si si sirra, you are the co countefeite, O this is the tr tr true He Hermit,
sta sta stand still g good man at that, ile bu bumbast you yfaith, ile make you g
giue the olde m m man his gowne.

Offers to strike, Gloster trippes vp his heeles, shifts Skinke into his place. 2,480

G g gods lid are ye go good at that? ile cu cudgell yee f f for this tr tr tricke.

Ski. It was not I twas he that cast thee downe.

Red. You li li li lye you ra ra rascall you, I le left ye st standing he heare.

Ski. Zounds hold you stammerer, or Ile cut your stumps.

Gl. He's for me he's weapon'd, I like that.

2,485

Red. O heer's a ro ro rogue in ca ca carnat, help, mu murder murder.

Enter Lancaster & Huntsmen at one doore, Leyster & Huntsmen at another.

Lan. Lay holde vpon that theeuish counterfeit.

Ley. Why heares another Hermit Lancaster.

Glo. I am the Hermit sir, that wretched man
Doth many a robberie in my disguise.

Skin. Its he that robs, he slaunders me, he lies. 2,490

Lan. Which set on thee?

Red. Th this f f fellow has a s s sword and a buckler.

Lan. Search him; this is the theefe, o heares my purse,
My chaine, my Iewels: oh thou wicked wretch,
How darst thou vnder show of holines,
Commit such actions of impietie? 2,495
Bind him, Ile haue him made a publicke scorne.

Ski. Lay holde vpon that other hermit.
He is a counterfeit as well as I,
He stole those clothes from me, for I am Skinke,
Search him, I know him not, he is some slaue. 2,500

Glo. Thou lyest base varlet.

Re. O g God he has a sword too, S Skink are you ca catcht?

Lan. Villaine thou shalt with me vnto the Court. 2,505

Ley. And this with me, this is the traytor Gloster.

Glo. Thou lvest proud Leyster I am no traytor.

Re. G gloster? O b braue, now m my father sh shal be f free.

Lan. Earle Gloster I am sorry thou art taken.

Glo. I am not taken yet, nor will I yeild
To any heare but noble Lancaster, 2,510
Let Skinke be Leysters prisoner Ile be thine.

Ley, Thou shalt be mine.

Gl. First through a crimson sluce,
Ile send thy hated soule to those blacke fiendes
That long haue houered gaping for their parte, 2,515
When tyrant life should leaue thy traytor heart.
Come Lancaster keep Skinke ile goe with thee,
Let loose the mad knaue, for I prayse his shifts,
He shall not starte away, ile be his guide,
And with proude looks outface young Henries pride. 2,520

Ley. Looke to them Lancaster vpon thy life.

Red. Well ile r r run and get a p pardon of the K K KKing, Gl Gloster and
Skinke ta ta taken? O b b braue, r r r run re Re Red ca cap a and ca ca cary the
first n n newes to co co court.

Ley. Lancaster ile helpe to garde them to the Court. 2,525

Lan. Doe as you please.

Glo. Leyster doe not come neare me, for if thou doe, thou shalt buy it dearely.

Ley. Ile haue thy hand for this.

Glo. Not for thy heart.

Ski. Braue Earle, had Skinke knowne thou hadst been the Noble Gloster
(whose mad trickes haue made mee loue thee) I would haue dy'd Blacke heath 2,530
red with the bloud of millions, ere we would haue been taken; but what
remedy, we are fast & must answere it like Gentlemen, like Souldiers, like
resolutes.

Gl. I ye are a gallant, come olde Lancaster,
For thy sake will I goe; or else by heauen 2,535
Ide send some dozen of these slaues to hel.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince Richard, Robert Hoode & Lady Faukenbridge.

La. Your trauaile and your comfortable newes,
This Ring, the certaine signe you met with him,
Bindes me in duetyous loue vnto your grace:
But on my knees I fall, and humbly craue,
Importune that no more, you nere can haue. 2,540

Ric. Nay then ye wrong me Lady Faukenbridge,
Did you not ioyne your faire white hand?
Swore that ye would forswear your husbands bed,
If I could but finde out Gloster? 2,545

La. I sweare so?

Ric. By heauen.

Rob. Take heed, its a high oath my Lord.

Ric. What meanst thou Huntington? 2,550

Ro. To saue your soule, I doe not loue to haue my friends forsworne,
She neuer promist that you vrge her with.

Ric. Goe to, prouoke me not.

Rob. I tell you true, twas I in her attyre that promist you,
She was gone vnto the wizard at Blacke heath,
And there had suters more then a good many. 2,555

Ric. Was I deluded then?

La. No not deluded, but hindred from desire vnchast and rude:
O let me wooe yee with the tongue of ruth,
Dewing your Princely hand with pitties teares,
That you would leaue this most vnlawful sute, 2,560
If ere we liue till Faukenbridge be dead,
(As God defend his death I should desire)

Then if your highnes daine so base a match,
And holy lawes admit a mariage,
Considering our affinity in bloud,
I will become your Handmayde not your harlot. 2,565
That shame shall neuer dwell vpon my brow.

Rob. I faith my Lord she's honorably resolu'd,
For shame no more, importune her no more.

Ri. Marian I see thy vertue, and commend it, 2,570
I know my error seeking thy dishonor,

But the respectlesse, reasonles commaund
Of my inflamed loue, bids me still try,
And trample vnder foote all pietye.
Yet for I will not seeme too impyous,
Too inconsiderate of thy seeming grieffe, 2,575
Vouchsafe to be my Mistris: vse me kindly,
And I protest ile striue with all my power,
That lust himselfe may in his heate deuour.

La. You are my seruant then. 2,580

Ric. Thanks sacred Mistresse.

Ro. What am I?

La. You are my fellow Robert.

Enter Faukenbridge in his hose and dublet.

Fau. What Prince Richard? noble Huntington?
Welcome, yfaith welcome, by the morrow Masse
You are come as fitly as my heart can wish:
Prince Iohn this night will be a Reueller, 2,585
He hath inuited me and Marian.
Gods mary mother goe along with vs,
Its but hard by, close by, at our towne Tauerne.

Ric. Your Tauerne? 2,590

Fau. O I I I tis his owne made match,
Ile make you laugh, ile make you laugh yfaith;
Come, come, he's ready, O come, come away.

La. But wher's the Princesse? 2,595

Fa. He's ready too, Block Bl. my man, must be her waiting man,
Nay wil ye goe? for gods sake let vs goe.

Ri. Is the iest so? nay then let vs away.

Rob. O twill allay his heate, make dead his fire.

Fau. Ye bob'd me first, ye first gaue me my hyre,
But come a gods name, Prince Iohn stayes for vs. 2,600

Exeunt.

Rob. This is the word, euer at spend-thriftes feastes,
They are guld themselues, and scoft at by their guests.

Exit.

Enter John.

Ioh. Buffild and scoft, Skinke, Gloster, women, fooles, and boyes abuse me?
Ile be reueng'd,

Ric. Reueng'd, and why good childe? 2,605
Olde Faukenbridge hath had a worser basting.

Fa. I, they haue banded from chase to chase;
I haue been their tennis ball, since I did coort.

Ric. Come Iohn, take hand with vertuous Isabell,
And lets vnto the Court like louing friends, 2,610
Our Kingly brothers birth daies feastiual,
Is foorthwith to be kept, thether we'l hye,
And grace with pompe that great solemnity.

Jo. Whether ye wil, I care not where I goe:
If grieffe wil grace it, ile adorne the shew. 2,615

Fa. Come Madam, we must thither we are bound.

La. I am loath to see the Court, Gloster being from thence,
Or kneele to him that gaue vs this offence.

Fa. Body of me peace woman. I prethee peace. 2,620

Enter Redcap.

Red. Go go god ye, go god s speed ye,

Ioh. Whether run you sir knaue?

Red. R r run ye sir knaue? why I r run to my La Lady Fa Faukenbridge, to te
te tell her Sk Skinke and Gl Gloster is t taken, and are gg one to the CC Court
with L Lord Leyster, and L Lord la la Lancaster.

Io. Is Gloster taken? thether will I flye 2,625
Vpon wraths wings, not quiet til he dye.

Exit with Princesse

Rich. Is Gloster taken?

Red. I he is ta taken I wa warrant ye with a wi witness.

Ric. Then will I to Court, & eyther set him free, or dye the death,
Follow me Faukenbridge, feare not faire Madam: 2,630

You said you had the Porter in your house,
Some of your seruants bring him, on my life
One hayre shal not be taken from his head,
Nor he, nor you, nor Gloster iniured.

Fa. Come Mall, and Richard say the word nere feare. 2,635

Ro. Madam, we haue twenty thousand at our call,
The most, young Henry dares, is but to braule.

La: Pray God it prooue so.

Ric. Follow Huntington: sir Rich. doe not faile to send the Porter.

2,640

Fa. Blocke, bring the Porter of the Fleete to Court.

Bl. I wil sir.

Red. The p p Porter of the fl fl Fleete to Court? what p p porter of the fl fl
Fleete?

Blo. What Redcap, run redcap, wilt thou see thy father?

2,645

Red. My fa father? I that I w wold s see my f father, & there be a p porter in
your ho house, its my f father.

Bl. Follow me Redcap then.

Exit.

Red. And you were two to twenty b Blockes, ide f f follow ye s so I would,
and r run to the co co court too, and k kneele before the k k King f f for his pa
pardon.

2,650

Block within. Come away Redcap, run Redcap.

Red. I I I r r run as f f fast as I I ca ca can run I wa warrant yee.

*Enter a Sinet, first two Herraldos, after them Leyster with a Scepter, Lancaster
with a Crowne Imperiall on a cushion: After them Henry the elder
bareheaded, bearing a sword and a Globe: after him young Henry Crowned:
Elinor the mother Queene Crowned: young Queene Crowned. Henry the elder
places his Sonne, the two Queenes on eyther hand, himselfe at his feete,
Leyster and Lancaster below him.*

Hen. Herrald, fetch Lancaster and Leyster Coronets,
Suffer no Marquesse, Earle, nor Countesse enter,
Except their temples circled are in golde,

2,655

He deliuers Coronets to Leyster and Lancaster.

Shew them our vize-roys: by our will controld
 As at a cornation, euery Peere
 Appeares in all his pompe, so at this feast
 Held for our birth-right, let them be adorn'd.
 Let Gloster be brought in, crown'd like an Earle.
 This day we'll haue no parley of his death, 2,660
 But talke of Iouisanes and gleefull mirth.
 Let Skinke come in, giue him a Barons seat,
 High is his spirrit, his deserts are greate.⁴⁹

Kin. You wrong the honour of Nobilitie, 2,665
 To place a robber in a Barons stead.

Quee. Its well ye tearme him not a murtherer.

Kin. Had I mistearmed him?

Quee. I that had you Henry.
 He did a peece of Iustice at my Bidding. 2,670

Kin. Who made you a Iustice?

Hen. I that had the power.

Kin. You had none then.

Enter Gloster and Skinke. 2,675

Ley. Yes he was crownd before.

Hen. Why does not Gloster weare a Coronet?

Glo. Because his Soueraigne doth not weare a Crowne.

Hen. By heauen put on thy Coronet, or that heauen
 Which now with a clear, lends vs this light,
 Shall not be courtain'd with the vaile of night,
 Eare on thy head I clap a burning Crowne,
 Of red hot Yron that shall seare thy braines. 2,680

Ri. Good Gloster Crowne thee with thy Coronet.

Lan. Doo gentle Earle.

Skin. Swounds doo, would I had one. 2,685

⁴⁹ The quarto here has *Exit* in the middle of Hen's speech. This has been removed as it was surely a misprint; Hen. continues to appear later in the scene.

Qu. Doo not I prethee keepe thy proud heart still.

Glo. Ile weare it but to crosse thy froward will.

Hen. Sit downe and take thy place.

Glo. Its the low earth.

To her I must, from her I had my breath.

Hen. We are pleas'd thou shalt sit there, Skinke take thy place among my nobles. 2,690

Enter Iohn and Jsabell with Coronets.

Ski. Thankes to King Henries grace.

Io. Iohn Earle of Morton and of Notingham,
With Isabell his Countesse, bow themselues
Before their brother Henries Royall Throane.

2,695

Hen. Assend your seats liue in our daily loue.

Enter Richard, and Robert with Coronts.

Ric. Richard the Prince of England, with his Ward
The noble Robert Hood, Earle Huntington,
Present their seruice to your Maiestie.

Hen. Y'are welcome too, though little be your loue. 2,700

Enter Faukenbridge with his Lady, she a Coronet.

Fa. Olde Richard Faukenbridge, Knight of the crosse,
Lord of the Cinque ports, with his noble wife
Dame Marrian Countesse of west Hereford,
Offer their duties at this Royall meeting.

Hen. Sit downe, thou art a newter, she a foe, 2,705
Thy loue we doubt her hart too well we know.
What sutors are without, let them come in.

Glo. And haue no Iustice where contempt is King.

Hen. Mad man I giue no eare to thy loose words.

2,710

Jo. O sir y'are welcome, you haue your old seat.

Glo. Though thou sit hier yet my heart's as great.

Que. Great heart wee'll make you lesser by the head.

Glo. Ill comes not euer to the threatned.

Enter Blocke and Redcap.

2,715

Hen. What are you two?

Red. M ma mary and't please you I am re re Redcap.

Hen. And what's your mate?

Blo. A poore Porter sir.

Ioh. The Porter of the fleet that was condemned.

Blo. No truely sir I was Porter last, when I left
The doore open at the Tauerne.

2,720

Io. O ist you sir?

Ley. And what would you two haue?

Red. I co co come to re re re qui quier the young K K King of his go goo
goodnes, since Glo Gloster is t taken, that he wo wo would let my fa fa father
haue his pa pa pardon.

2,725

Hen. Sirra your father has his pardon sign'd,
Go to the office it shall be deliuered.

Red. And shall he be p p Porter a ga gaine?

Hen. I that he shall, but let him be aduis'd
Heareafter, how lets out prisoners.

2,730

Red. I wa warrant ye my Lord.

Hen. What hast thou more to say?

Red. Marry I wo would haue Skinke pu punisht for co co Cunnicatching⁵⁰ me.

Ley. Is that your busines?

2,735

Red. I by my t t troth is it.

Hen. Then get away.

⁵⁰ "cunnicatching": defrauding, deceiving, tricking.

Glo. Against Skinke (poore knaue)
Thou gets no right this day.

Blo. O but run backe Redcap for the Purseuant.

2,740

Red. O I Lord s sir, I haue another s sute for the p p Purseuant, that has l l lost
his b b box, and his wa wa warrant.

Hen. What meanes the fellow?

Red. Why the pu pu Purseuant sir and the po po Porter.

Glo. The box that I had from him, there it is.

2,745

Fau. Mary a me, and I was chargd with it.
Had you it brother Gloster? Gods good mercy.

Hen. And what haue you to say?

Bl. Nothing sir but God blesse you, you are a goodly company, except sir
William or my Lady wil command me any more seruice.

Fau. A way you prating knaue, hence varlet, hence.

2,750

Exit.

Ley. Put forth them fellowes there.

Red. A f fo fore I go goe I b b be s s seech you let Sk Skinke and gl Gloster be
lo lo looked too, for they haue p p playd the k k knaues to to to b b bad.

Hen. Take hence that stuttering fellow, shut them forth.

2,755

Red. Nay Ile ru ru run, faith you shall not n n need to b b b bid him ta ta take
m me away, for re re Redcap will r ru run rarely.

Exit.

Hen. The sundrie misdemeanors late committed,
As theftes and shifts in other mens disguise,
We now must (knaue Skinke) freely tell thy faults.

Skin. Sweet King by these two terrors to myne enemies, that lend light to my
bodies darknes: Cauilero Skinke being beleagerd with an hoste of leaden
heelles, arm'd in ring Irish: cheated my hammerer of his Red cap and Coate;
was surprised, brought to the fleet as a person suspected, past currant, till
Gloster stript me from my counterfet, clad my backe in silke and my hart in
sorrow, and so left me to the mercy of my mother witt: how Prince Iohn
releas me, he knowes: howe I got Faukenbridges chaine, I know: but how he

2,760
2,765

will get it againe, I know not.

Fau. Where is it sirra, tell me where it is?

Glo. I got it from him, and I got Iohns sword,
2,770

Joh. I would twere to the hilts vp in thy harte.

Ric. O be more charitable brother Iohn.

Ley. My Leidge, you need not by perticulars
Examine what the world knows too plaine,
If you will pardon Skinke, his life is sau'd,
If not, he is conuicted by the Law.
For Gloster: as you worthyly resoul'd,
First take his hand, and afterward his head.
2,775

Hen. Skinke thou hast life, our pardon and our loue.

Ski. And your forgiuenesse for my robbery?
2,780

Io. Tut neuer trouble me with such a toy.
Thou hindrest me from hearing of my ioye.

Hen. Bring forth a blocke, wine, water and towell,
Kniues, and a Surgion to binde vp the vaines,
Of Glosters arme: when his right hand is off,
His hand that strooke Skinke at the Parliament.
2,785

Sk. I shall beare his blowes to my graue my Lord.

Kin. Sonne Henry see thy fathers palzie hands,
Ioyn'd like two supplyants, pressing to thy throwne?
Looke how the furrowes of his aged cheeke,
Fild with the reuolets of wet eyde mone,
Begg mercy for Earle Gloster? weigh his gilt,
Why for a slaue, should Royall blood be spilt?
2,790

Ski. You wrong myne honour: Skink may be reueng'd.

Hen. Father I doe commend your humble course.
But quite dislike the proiect of your sute,
Good words in an ill cause makes the fact worse,
Of blood or Basenes, Iustice will dispute,
The greater man the greater his transgression,
Where strength wrongs weaknes, it is meare oppression.
2,795

La. O but King Henry heare a sister speake,
Gloster was wrong'd, his lands were giuen away,
They are not Iustly said. Iust lawes to break,
2,800

That keep their owne right, with what power they may,
 Thinke then thy Royall selfe began the wrong,
 In giuing Skinke what did to him belong. 2,805

Quee. Heare me Sonne Henry, while thou art a King,
 Giue, take, pryson, thy subiects are thy slaues,
 Life, need, thrones proud hearts in dungions fling.
 Grace men to day, to morrowe giue them graues.
 A King must be like Fortune; euer turning,
 The world his football, all her glory spurning. 2,810

Glo. Still your olde counsaile Beldam pollicie,
 You'r a fit Tutresse in a Monarchy.

Rich. Mother you are vniust, sauage, too cruell,
 Vnlike a woman: gentlenes guides their sexe,
 But you to furies fire ad more fewell, 2,815
 The vexed spirit, will you delight to vex?
 O God when I consaite what you haue done,
 I am a sham'd to be estem'd your sonne.

Jo. Base Richard I disdaine to call thee brother, 2,820
 Takest thou a traytors part in our disgrace?
 For Gloster, wilt thou wrong our sacred mother?
 I scorne thee and defie thee to thy face.
 O that we were in field, then shouldst thou trie,

Rob. How fast Earle Iohn would from Prince Richard flye 2,825
 Thou meet a Lyon in feeld? poore mouse,
 All thy Carreers are in a Brothell house.

Ioh. Zounds boy.

Ric. Now man: 2,830

Ley. Richard you wrong Prince Iohn.

Ric. Leyster tweare Good you proou'd his Champion.

Jo. Hasten the execution Royall Lord,
 Let deeds make answer for their worthlesse wordes.

Glo. I know if I respected hand or head,
 I am encompassed with a world of frends, 2,835
 And could from fury bee deliuered.
 But then my freedom hazards many liues.
 Henry performe the vtmost of thy hate,
 Let thy hard harted mother haue her wil,
 Giue Franticke Iohn no longer cause to prate,
 I am prepared for the worst of ill, 2,840

You see my knees kisse the could pauements face,
They are not bent to Henry nor his frends,
But to all you whose bloud fled to your hearts,
Shewes your true sorrowe in your ashye cheekes:
To you I bend my knees, you I intreat, 2,845
To smile on Glosters Resolution.

Who euer loues me will not shed a teare,
Nor breath a sigh, nor show a cloudy frowne,
Looke Henry, heares my hand, I lay it downe,
And sweare as I haue Knighthood heer't shall lye, 2,850
Till thou haue vsed all thy tyranny.

La. Has no man heart to speake?

Glo. Let all that loue me keepe silence, or by heauen Ile hate them dying. 2,855

Quee. Harry off with his hand, then with his head.

Fau. By the red rood I cannot chuse but weepe.
Come loue or hate my teares I cannot keepe.

Que. When comes this lingring executioner?

Joh. An executioner: an executioner: 2,860

Hen. Call none till we haue drunke: father fill wine,
To day your Office is to beare our cupp.

Ric. Ile fill it Henry.

K. kneele downe.

He. Dick you are too meane, so bow vnto your soueraigne,

Gl. Kneele to his childe? O hell! O tortor! (Gloster learne:
Who would loue life, to see this huge dishonor? 2,865

Hen. Saturne kneel'd to his Sonne the God was faine
To call young Ioue his ages Soueraigne.
Take now your seate againe and weare your Crowne;
Now shineth Henry like the Middayes Sonne,
Through his Horizon, darting all his beames,
Blinding with his bright splendor euery eye, 2,870
That stares against his face of Maiesty.

The Commets, whose malicious gleames
Threatned the ruyne of our Royalty,
Stands at our mercy, yet our wrath denyes
All fauour, but extreame extreamities. 2,875
Gloster, haue to thy sorrow chafe thy arme

That I may see thy bloud (I long'd for oft)
Gush from thy vaines, and staine this Pallace roofe.

Io. Twould exceed gilding. 2,880

Quee. I as golde doth Oaker.

Glo. Its wel ye count my bloud so precious.

Hen. Leyster reach Gloster wine.

Ley. I reach it him? 2,885

Hen. Proude Earle ile spurne thee, quickly go & beare it

Glo. Ile count it poyson if his hand come neere it.

Hen. Giue it him Leyster vpon our displeasure.

Glo. Thus Gloster takes it, thus againe he flings it,
In scorne of him that sent it, and of him that brought it.

Ski. O braue spirit. 2,890

La. Brauely resolu'd brother, I honour thee.

Quee. Harke how his sister ioyes in his abuse?
Wilt thou indure it Hall?

Fau. Peace good Marian. 2,895

[Exeunt]

[Enter Hen., Quee., Ric., John, Skinke, Glos., Fau.,]

Hen. Auoyde there euery vnder Officer.
Leaue but vs, our Pieres and Ladyes heere.
Richard you loue Earle Gloster looke about
If you can spye one in this company,
That hath not done as great a sinne as Gloster;
Chuse him, let him be the executioner.

2,900

Ric. Thou hast done worse then, like rebellie us head,
Hast arm'd ten thousand hands against his life
That lou'd thee so, as thou wert made a King,
Being his childe, now he's thy vnderling.
I haue done worse: thrise I drew my sword,
In three set battles for thy false defence.
Iohn hath done worse, he still hath tooke thy part,
All of vs three haue smitte our fathers heart;

2,905

Which made proude Leyster bolde to strike his face,
To his eternall shame, and our disgrace. 2,910

Hen. Silence, I see thou leanst to finde none fit.
I am sure, nor Lancaster nor Huntington,
Nor Faukenbridge, will lay a hand on him.
Mother, wife, brother, lets descend the Throane
Where Henry is the Monarch of the West,
Hath set amongst his Princes dignified. 2,915
Father take you the place, see Iustice.

Kin. Its iniust Iustice I must tell thee Sonne.

Hen. Mother holde you the Bason, you the Towell,
I know your French hearts thirst for English bloud; 2,920
Iohn, take the Mallet, I will holde the knife,
And when I bid thee smite, strike for thy life:
Make a marke Surgion, Gloster now prepare thee.

Glo. Tut, I am ready, to thy worst I dare thee. 2,925

Hen. Then haue I done my worst, thrise honoured Earle,
I doe imbrace thee in affections armes.

Quee. What meanes thou Henry? O what meanes my Son?

Hen. I meane no longer to be lullaby'd,
In your seditious armes.

Hen. wife.⁵¹ *Mordieu* Henry. 2,930

Hen. *Mordieu* nor deuill, little tit of Fraunce,
I know your hart leapes, at our hearts mischaunce.

Jo. Swounds Henry thou art mad.

Hen. I haue bin mad; what stampst thou Iohn? knowst thou not who I am?
Come stamp the deuill out, suckt from thy Dam. 2,935

Que. Ile cursse thee Henry.

Hen. Your best be quiet, least where we finde you, to the Tower we beare you,
For being abroad, England hath cause to feare yee.

Kin. I am strucke dombe with wonder. 2,940

Glo. I amaz'd, imagine that I see a vizion.

⁵¹ The Queen.

Hen. Gloster, I giue thee first this Skinke, this slaue,
Its in thy power, his life to spill or saue,

Skin. He's a noble gentleman, I doe not doubt his vsage.

Hen. Stand not thus wondring, Princes kneele all downe,
And cast your Coronets before his Crowne. 2,945
Downe stubborne Queene, kneele to your wronged King,
Downe Mammet; Leyster ile cut of thy legs,
If thou delay thy duety: when proude Iohn?

Io. Nay if all kneele, of force I must be one. 2,950

Fau. Now by my holydom a vertuous deed.

Hen. Father you see your most rebellious sonne,
Stricken with horror of his horred guilt,
Requesting sentence fitting his desart,
O treade vpon his head, that trode your heart.
I doe deliuer vp all dignity,
Crowne, Scepter, swoord vnto your Maiesty. 2,955

Kin. My heart surfets with ioy in hearing this.
And deare Sonne ile blesse thee with a kisse.

Hen. I will not rise, I will not leaue this ground,
Till all these voyces ioyned in one sound: 2,960
Cry, God saue Henry second of that name,
Let his friends liue, his foes see death with shame.

All. God saue Henry second of that name,
Let his friends liue, his foes see death with shame.

Hen. Amen, Amen, Amen. 2,965

Joh. Harke mother harke?
My brother is already turned Clarke.

Quee. He is a recreant, I am mad with rage.

Hen. Be angry at your enuy gracious mother,
Learne patience and true humility 2,970
Of your worst tuter'd Sonne, for I am he.
Send hence that Frenchwoman, giue her her dowry,
Let her not speake, to trouble my milde soule,
Which of this world hath taken her last leaue:
And by her power, will my proude flesh controule.
Off with these silkes, my garments shall be gray, 2,975
My shirt hard hayre, my bed the ashey dust,
My pillow but a lumpe of hardned clay:

For clay I am, and vnto clay I must,
O I beseech ye let me goe alone,
To liue, where my loose life I may bemone. 2,980

Kin. Sonne?

Quee. Sonne?

Ric. Brother? 2,985

Io. Brother?

Hen. Let none call me their Sonne, I am no mans brother,
My kindred is in heauen, I know no other,
Farewell, farewell, the world is yours, pray take it,
Ile leaue vexation, and with ioy forsake it.

Exit. 2,990

La. Wondrous conuersion.

Fau. Admirable good: now by my holydam Mall passing good.

Ric. H'ath sir'd my soule I will to Palestine,
And pay my vowes before the Sepulcher,
Among the multitude of misbeliefe.
Ile shew my selfe the Souldier of Christ,
Spend bloud, sweat teares, for satisfaction 2,995
Of many many sinnes which I lament:
And neuer thinke to haue them pardoned,
Till I haue part of Sirria conquered.

Glo. He makes me wonder, and inflames my spirits, 3,000
With an exceeding zeale to Portingale,⁵²
Which Kingdome the vnchristned Sarisons,
The blacke fac'd Affricans, and tawny Moores,
Haue got vniustly in possession:
Whence I will fire them with the help of heauen.

3,005

Ski. Skinke will scotch them braue Gloster
Make Carbonadoes of their Bacon fletches;
Deserue to be counted valiant by his valour,
And Ryuo will he cry, and Castile too,
And wonders in the land of Ciuile doo.

3,010

Rob. O that I were a man to see these fights,
To spend my bloud amongst these worthy Knights.

⁵² Portugal

Fa. Mary aye⁵³ me, were I a boy againe,
Ide either to Ierusalem or Spaine.

Ioh. Faith Ile keepe England, mother you and I 3,015
Will liue, for all this fight and foolery.

Kin. Peace to vs all, let's all for peace giue prayse,
Vnlookt for peace, vnlookt for happy dayes.
Loue Henries birth day, he hath bin new borne,
I am new crowned, new settled in my seate.
Lets' all to the Chappell, there giue thanks and praise, 3,020
Beseeching grace from Heauens eternal Throne,
That England neuer know more Prince then one.

Exeunt 3,025

FJNIS.

⁵³ "Mary aye me": here, meaning "Indeed, even me."